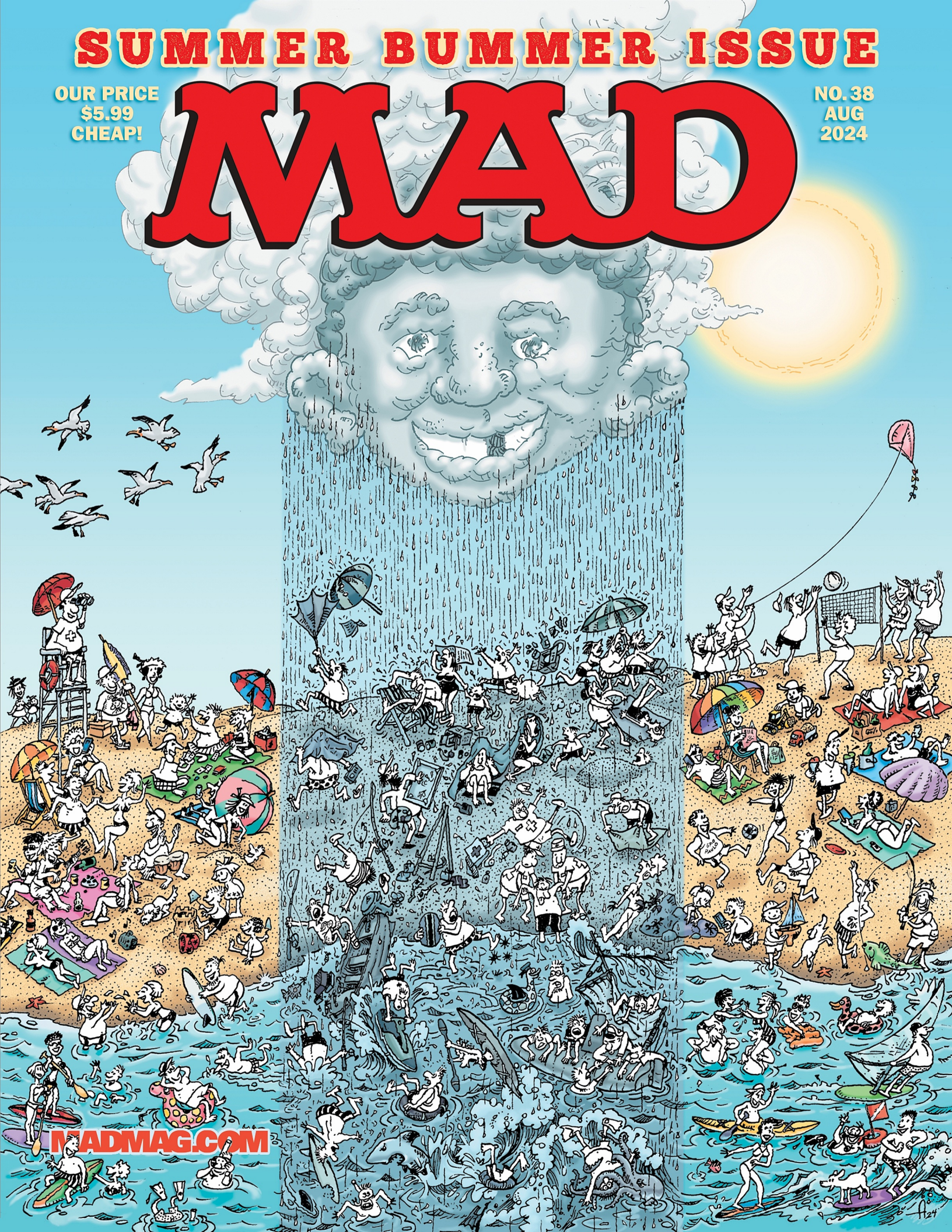


SUMMER BUMMER ISSUE

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NO. 38
AUG
2024

MAD



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Norman Mingo

ISSUE OF...

MAD

NO. 38

AUGUST 2024

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR



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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER ARTIST Sergio Aragonés

COVER CONCEPT Al Jaffee

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

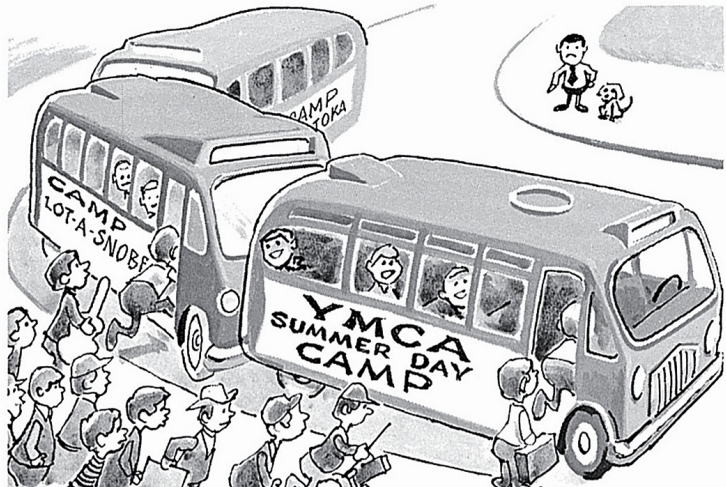
You Know IT'S REALLY

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... the TV Networks start telling you how much better the new Fall Shows will be than the lousy re-runs you're watching now.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you discover you're the only kid around who isn't rich enough or under-privileged enough to go to camp.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you use up your savings for your own vacation to feed the relatives who came to visit you on their vacation.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... school has been out just long enough for you to glumly start counting the weeks until the day you have to go back.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... your Secretary stops taking long weekends off to go skiing, and starts taking long weekends off to go surfing.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

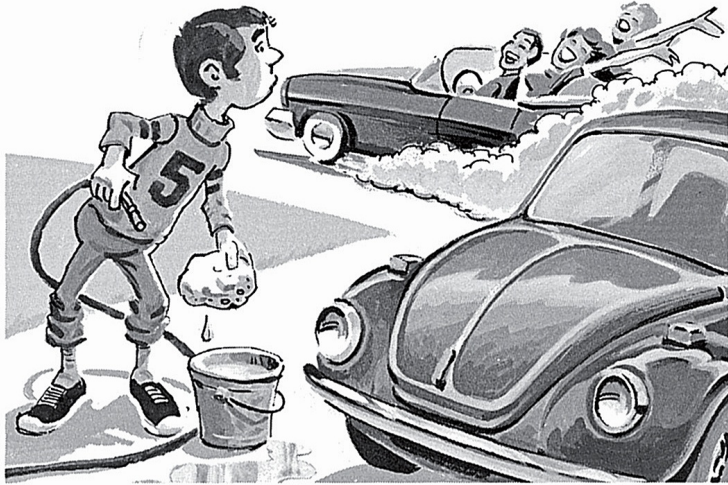


... the post season basketball play-off games are almost over, and the pre-season football games have just begun.

SUMMER When...

WRITER **TOM KOCH**
ARTIST **JACK RICKARD**

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you feel a sudden pang of regret that you didn't spend \$2,000 more and get a convertible.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



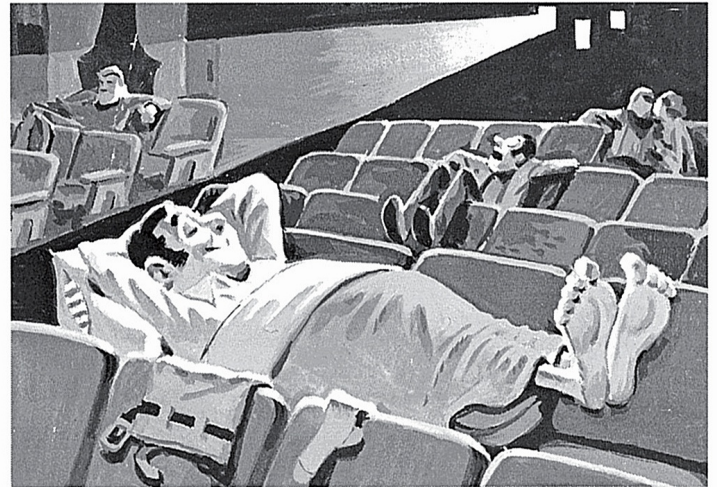
... the season's first lightning bug appears, setting off the season's first stampede of kids with jars trying to catch it.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



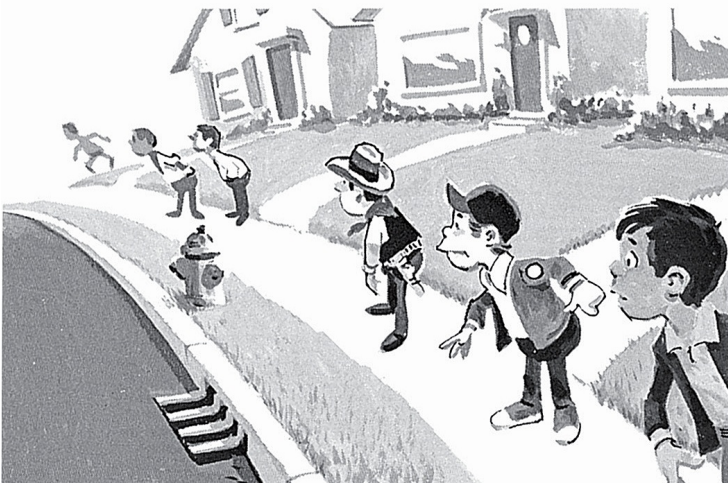
... you're sent off to visit Grandma and Grandpa for a month, and you begin wondering what you did to deserve it.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you gladly pay to get into an Annette Funicello Film Festival just because the theater is air-conditioned.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



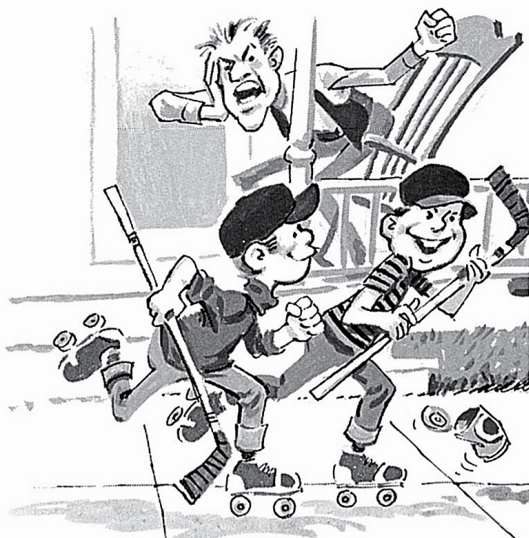
... an uneasy tension begins to spread every time the ice cream truck is five minutes late.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you first notice that sometime during the "Heavy Coat Season," the little girl across the street grew up to be a—gulp—big girl.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... daylight lasts long enough for kids on roller skates to continue driving you crazy all evening now.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... flowers you planted in April start blooming, and you discover you're allergic to all of them.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... the time arrives once again for you to go to the "Annual Company Picnic" and make a fool of yourself.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you can't get a call through to the air conditioner repairman.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... your next door neighbor returns your snow shovel and borrows your lawn mower.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... you suddenly find out how few people pay attention to deodorant commercials.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



... the Major League Baseball season is far enough along for the last-place teams to start firing their Managers.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...

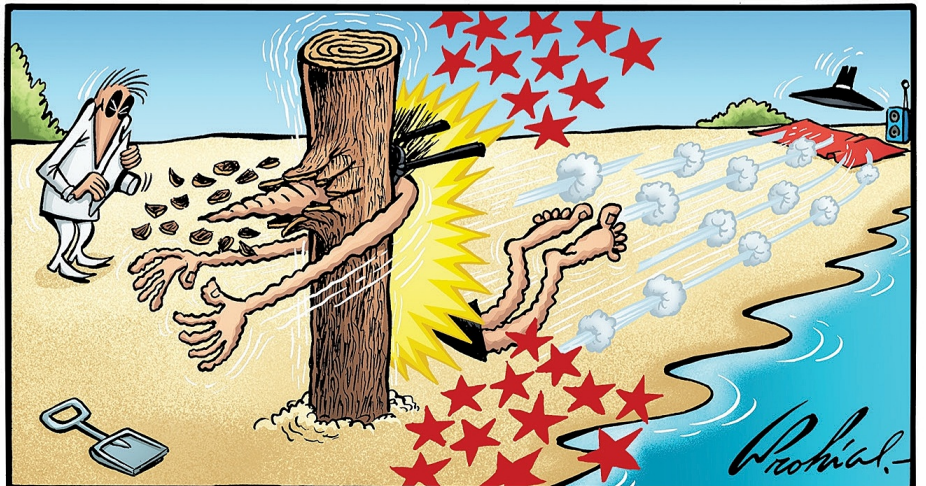
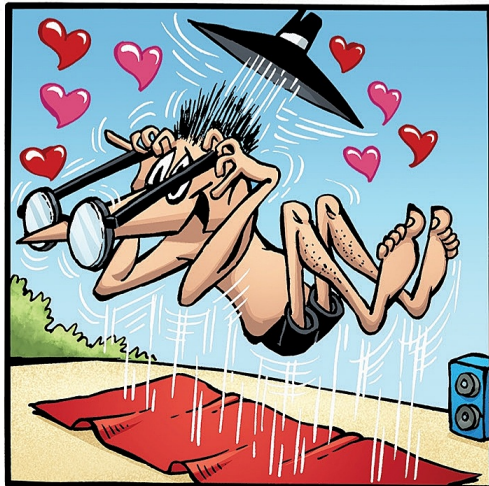
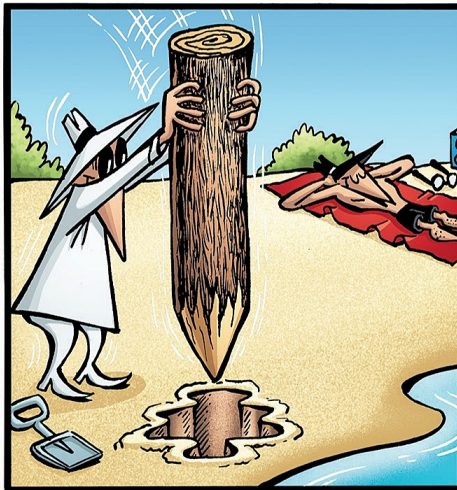
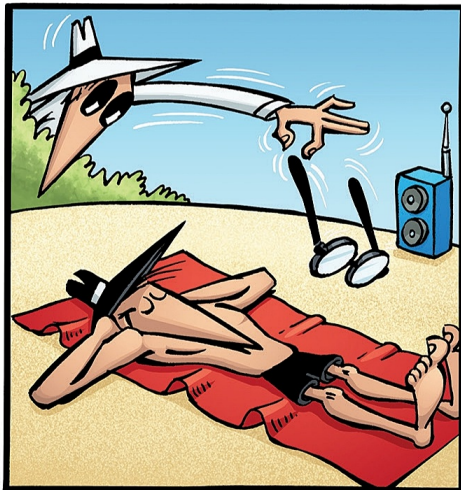
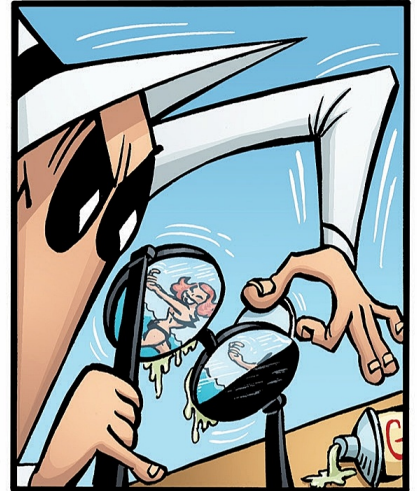
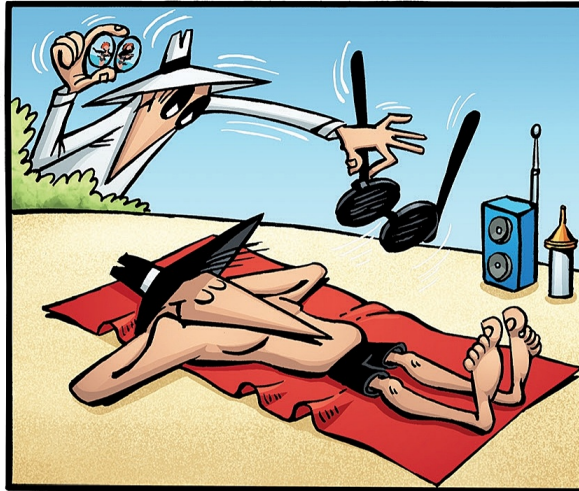
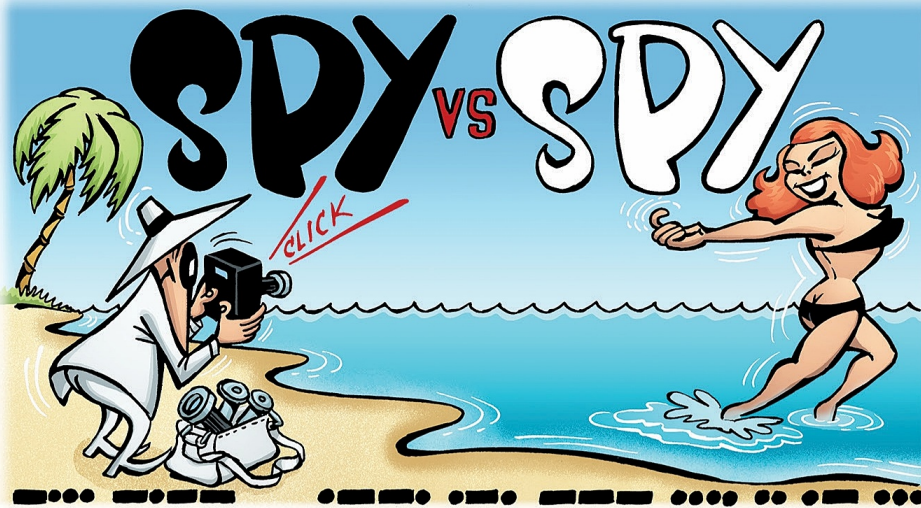


... you feel obligated to drink nine glasses of luke warm Kool-Ade on your way home from the bus stop.

You Know It's REALLY SUMMER When...



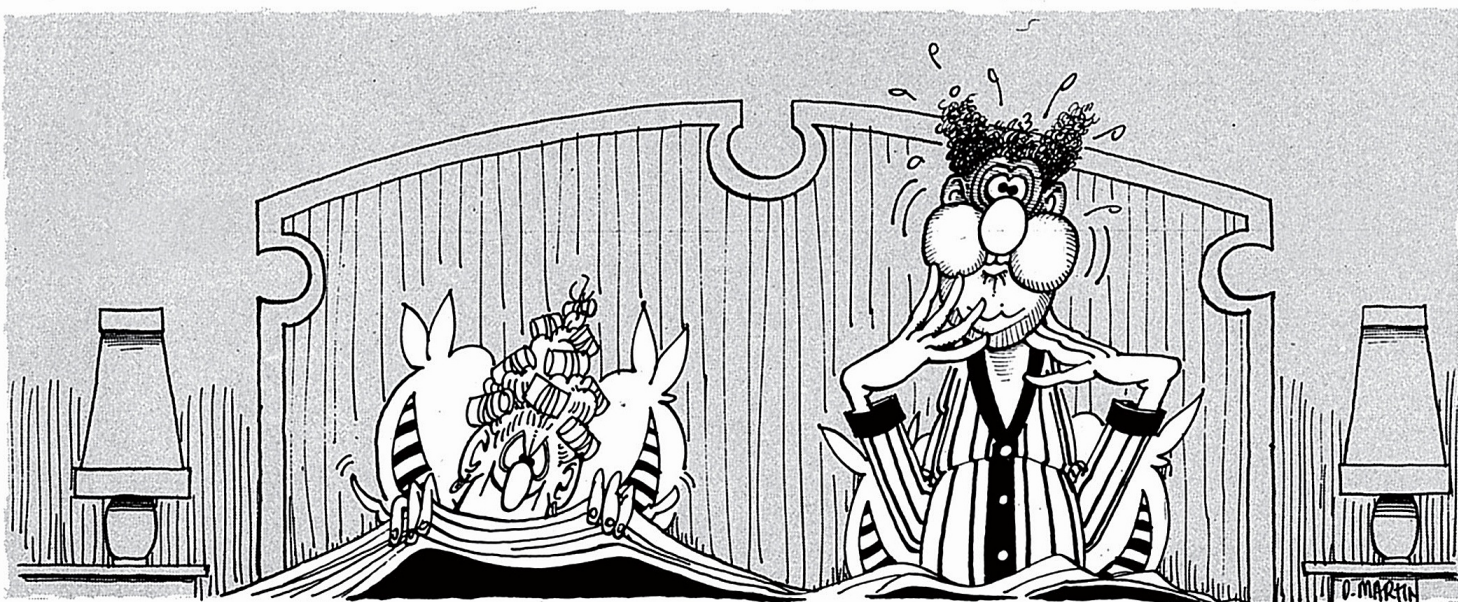
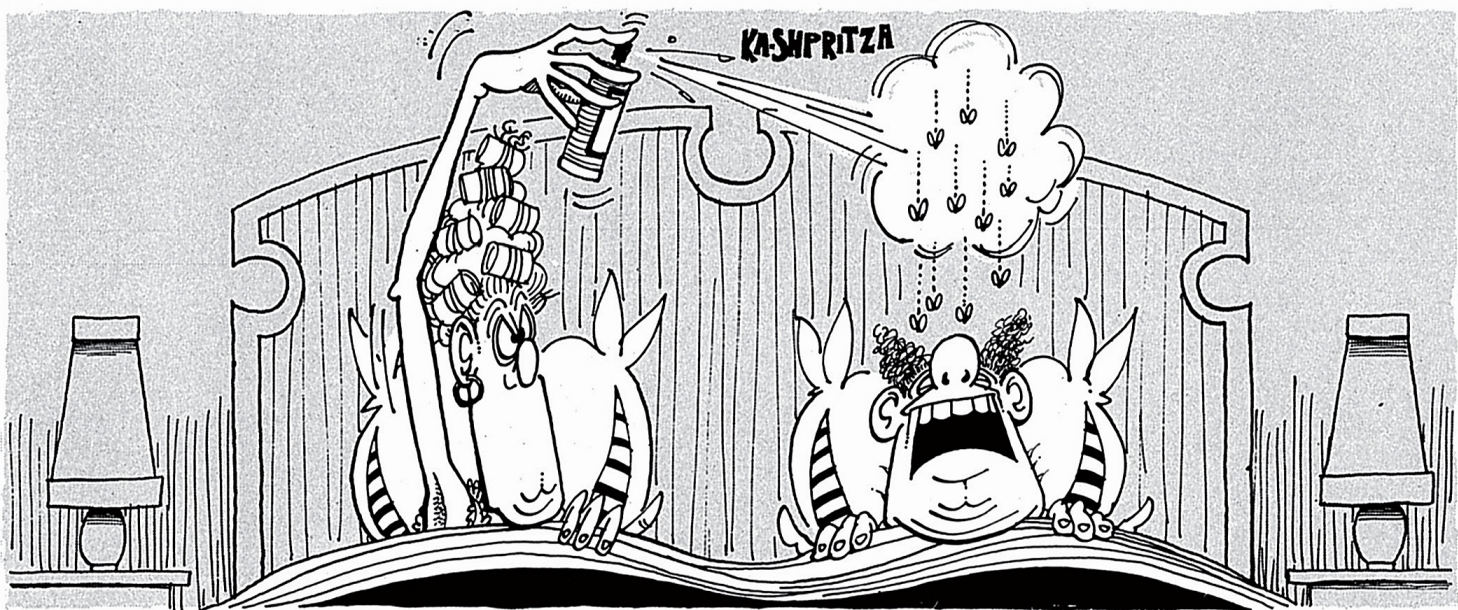
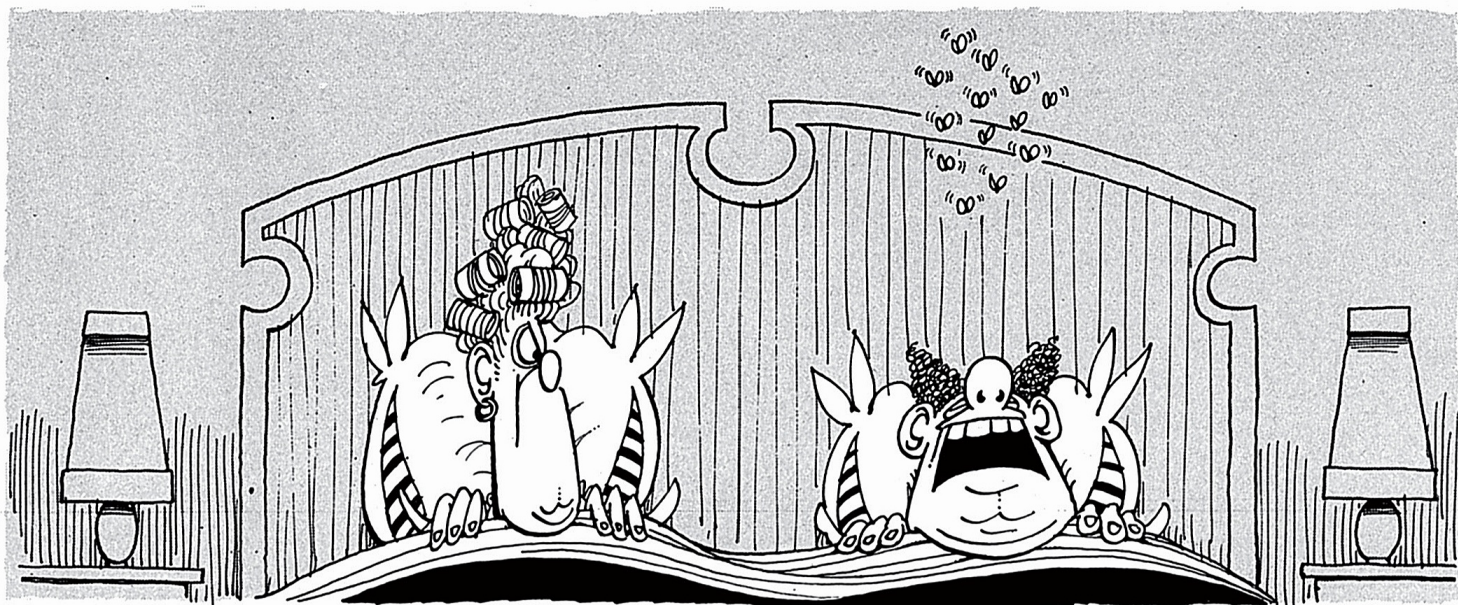
... your yearly prediction that girl's swim suits can't possibly get any more revealing is proved wrong once again.



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #146, OCT 1971

WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS

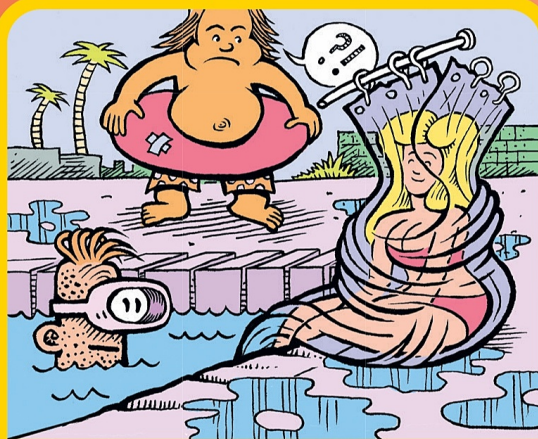
ONE HOT SUMMER MORNING



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #144, JUL 1971

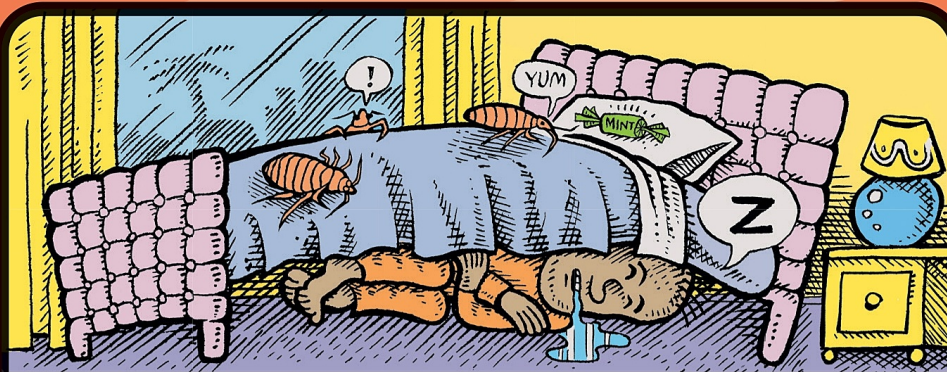
You're slathered in sunscreen, the cat has free reign of the house, and the car's as loaded as Mommy. If you hope to thrive (read: stay alive) on this family trip, read this nifty how-to from the humor magazine you most associate with vacations:

~~NATIONAL LAMPOON'S~~ MAD's How to Stay Safe on Summer Vacation!



Use Protection in the Pool

Don't even think about taking a dip without slipping into your makeshift sterile body condom. You'll thank us later.



Avoid Bed Bugs

Hotel beds are laden with those nasty bloodsuckers. Avoid them for slightly longer by cozying up under the bed.



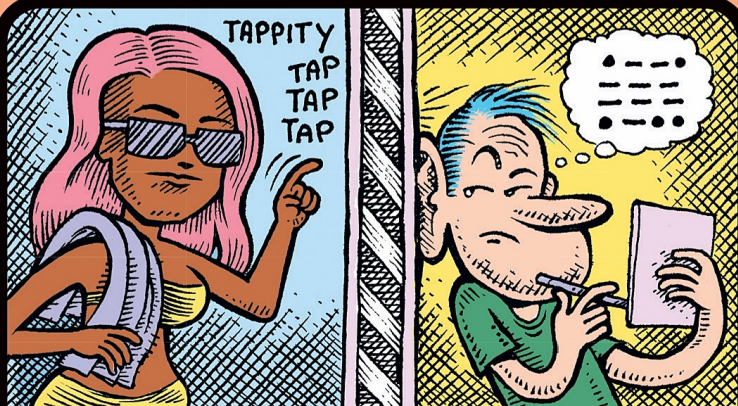
Shower Fully Dressed

There are thousands of reports of hidden cameras in hotel bathroom walls. If you end up on YouTube, it's better to get caught in a wet business suit than your birthday suit.



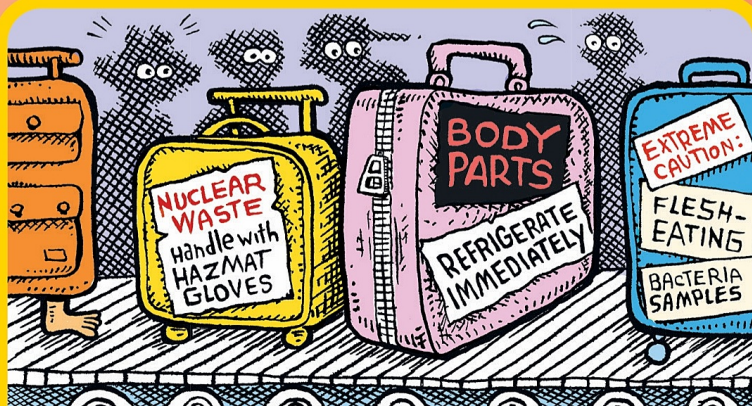
Disguise Your iPhone

Keep crooks at bay by making your iPhone look like an outdated piece of crap!



Don't Use the Hotel Wi-Fi

Don't let hackers steal your identity! Get adjoining rooms with your friends, learn Morse code, and tap "meet me by the pool" on the walls.



Make Your Luggage Identifiable

A cute ribbon tied to your suitcase won't stop luggage thieves. With just a little imagination (and a lot of magic markers), you can make sure no one goes near it!

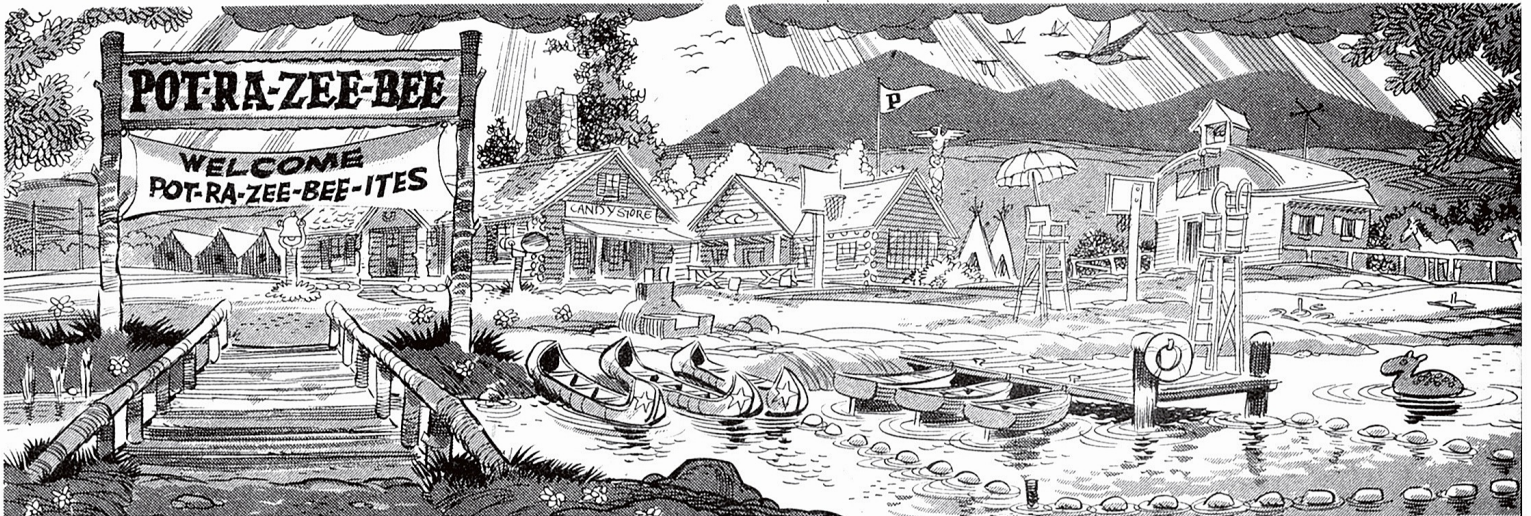




EVERY SUMMER VACATION, MILLIONS OF AMERICAN KIDS JUMP AT THE CHANCE TO DEVELOP SELF-RELIANCE, COMMUNE WITH NATURE, GROW STRONG AND HEALTHY, LEARN TO SOCIALIZE, AND WRESTLE WITH THE PROBLEMS OF GROWING UP. BUT MAINLY, THEY JUMP AT THE CHANCE TO GET AWAY FROM THEIR NAGGING PARENTS FOR TWO WHOLE MONTHS . . . BY ESCAPING TO . . .

CAMP

WRITER **AL FELDSTEIN**
ARTIST **JACK DAVIS**



IN LATE JUNE, CAMP POT-RA-ZEE-BEE stands freshly painted and repaired, newly equipped, trim and neat . . . awaiting arrival of swarm of eager summer campers. Goodness, another sunstroke season is almost here!

TYPICAL GOING-AWAY SCENE

at railroad station on first day of camp season with parents crying and carrying on as they tearfully give last minute instructions like "Don't forget to change your socks!"; "Don't forget to wash behind your ears!"; "Don't forget to eat!" and "Don't forget to come home!" Note touching concern over parent's anguish the kids display by completely ignoring them in order to greet old friends, compare equipment, blaze trails, build fires, and generally turn station into a shambles. Yessireeboy, the fun has started already!



SEWING ON NAME-TAPES IS MAIN PART OF CAMP SEASON'S PREPARATION

Everything gets a name-tape (see below)

PRIOR TO SEASON parents of camp-goer rush around buying required clothing and equipment. Then comes big job of sewing on name-tapes. Everybody in family is put to work sewing on name-tapes. Mama, Papa, Sister . . . even dog, Irving, sews on name-tapes. Couple in formal dress (right, rear) are strangers who only stopped by to ask directions. By George, nobody gets away!

Name-tape neatly sewn on Melvin Cowznofsky's tooth-brush.



Name-tape neatly sewn on Melvin Cowznofsky's tooth-paste.



Name-tape neatly sewn on Melvin Cowznofsky's teeth . . .



Name-tape neatly sewn on a name-tape neatly sewn on a name-tape neatly sewn etc.



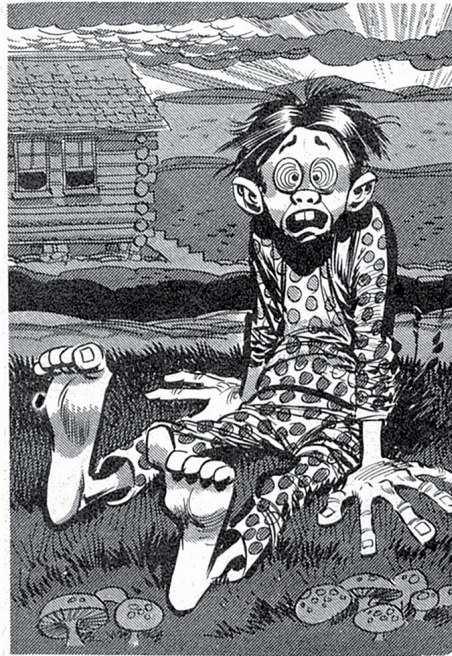
CAMP ACTIVITIES BUILD SOUND MINDS AND HEALTHY BODIES

NATURE STUDY



CAMPER COWZNOFSKY joins outdoors study group using powerful field glasses to learn vital facts of Nature by observing migratory birds in trees overhead, odd animals in woods near by, and strange goings-on at resort hotel across lake. (Yessireeboy, there's plenty vital facts of Nature to be learned that way.)

OUT-OF-DOORS LIVING



CAMPER COWZNOFSKY expresses wonderment upon awakening after spending night under stars. Wonderment is result of hearing dawn stirrings and feeling damp dew, but mainly, wonderment is result of recalling he went to sleep in bunkhouse night before. (By George, those practical jokers again!)

ARTS AND CRAFTS



OPPORTUNITY TO DEVELOP manual dexterity is offered campers by program of arts and crafts. Here, Melvin Cowznofsky proudly displays season project: leather wallet for father, equal in quality to those selling in stores for \$2.50. Actual cost of wallet to Melvin's father, figuring in Melvin's camp fee: \$175.00.

WATER SPORTS



SWIMMING AND WATER SAFETY is taught POT-RA-ZEE-BEE campers by use of "buddy" system. When life-guard blows whistle and yells "buddies!", everybody must splash around and pair up with preassigned companion. (Obviously camper Cowznofsky, searching vainly for drowned "buddy", has not yet learned water safety.)

DRAMATICS



SELF-EXPRESSION is learned by campers through participation in dramatics program. Here, Melvin Cowznofsky stages hysterical emotional scene to impress fellow-campers. Hysterical emotional scene being staged mainly because they refused Melvin part in camp play.

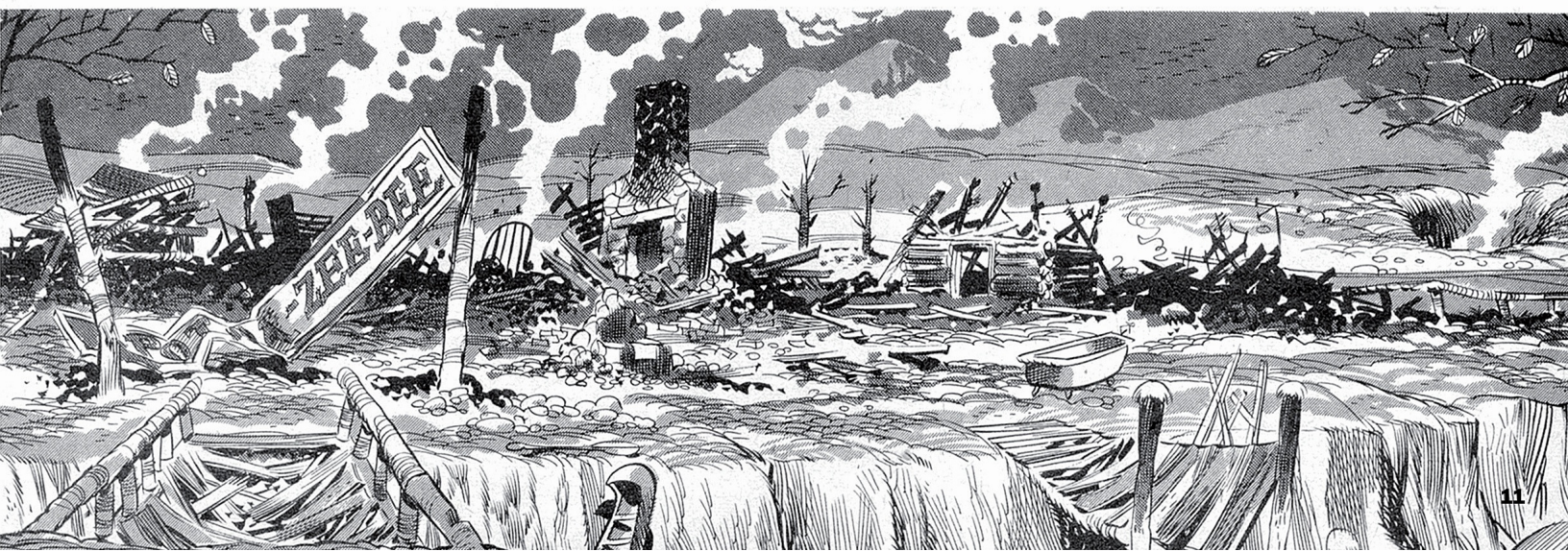
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #29. SEP 1956



CAMPER COWZNOFSKY AFTER SUMMER OF SOUND MIND & HEALTHY BODY-BUILDING . . .

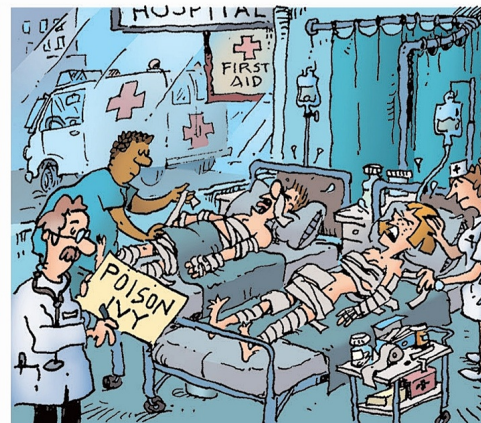
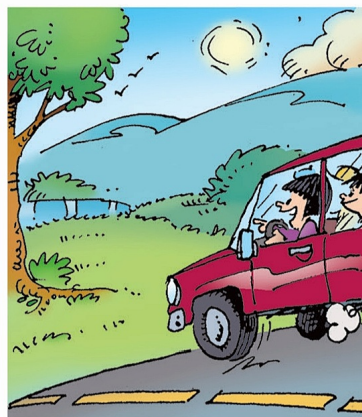


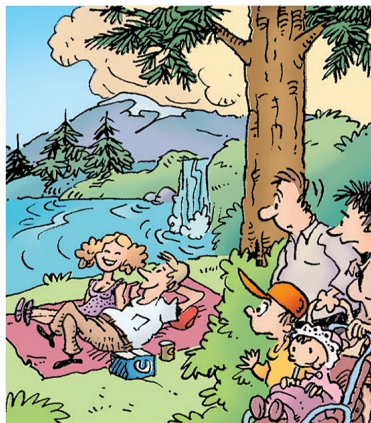
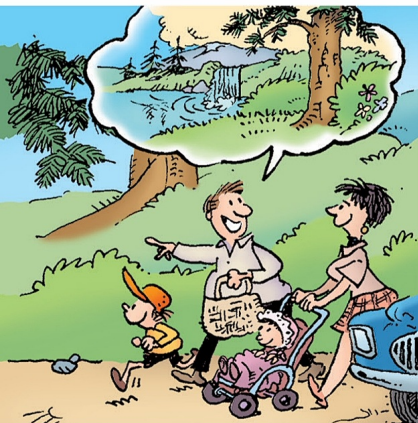
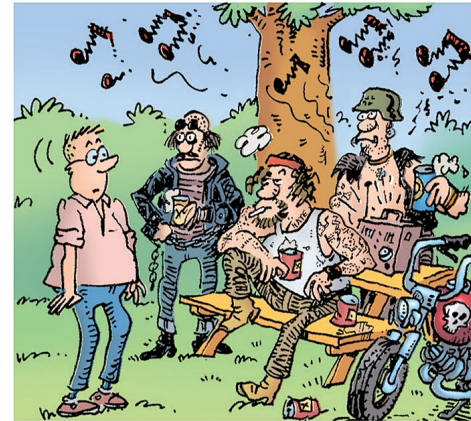
IN EARLY SEPTEMBER, CAMP POT-RA-ZEE-BEE stands paint-peeled, its equipment destroyed, a total wreck...deserted by homeward-bound swarm of eager summer campers. Thank goodness, another hurricane season is over!

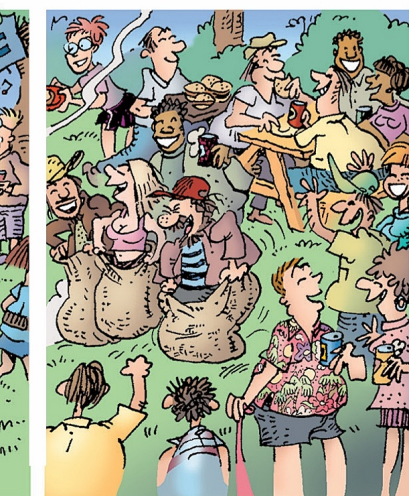
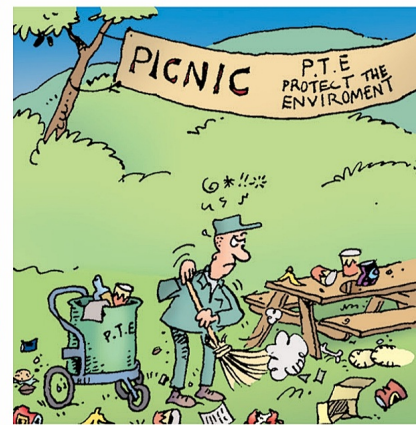




Sergio Aragonés Presents A MAD LOOK AT PICNICS









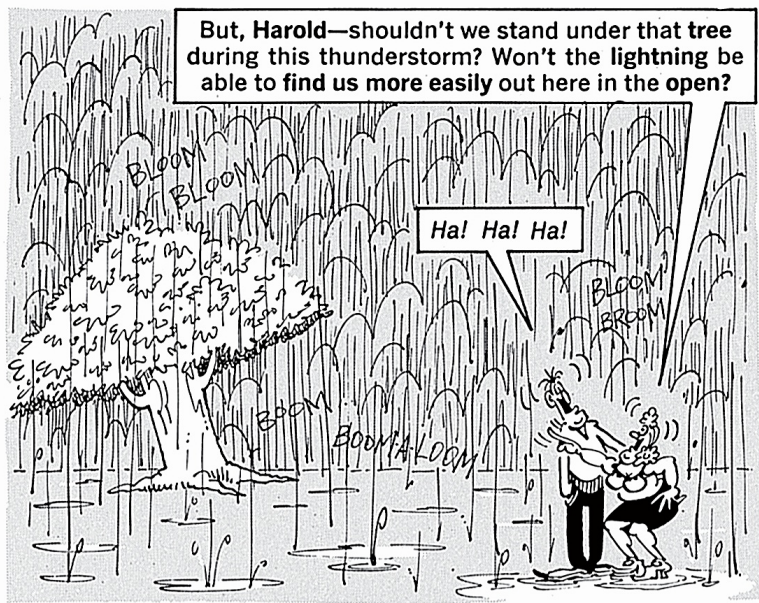
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #3, OCT 2018



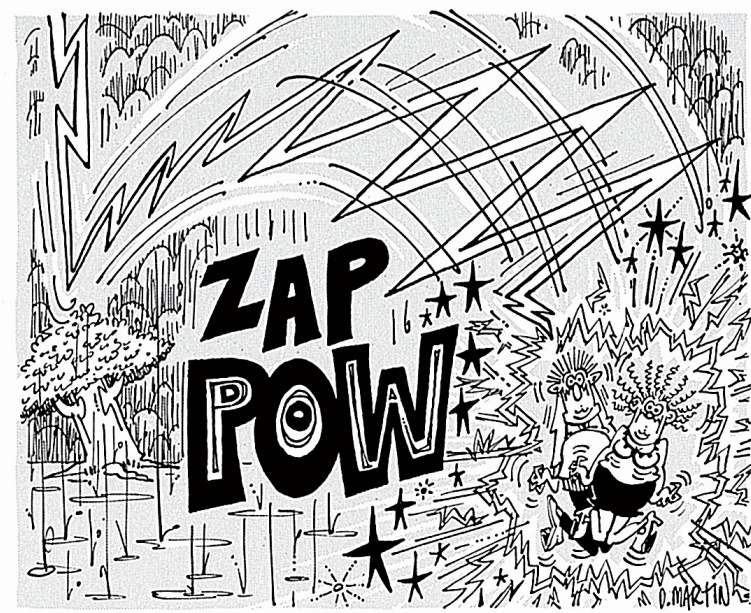
ARAGONES 18



DURING A SUMMER SHOWER



WRITER & ARTIST DON MARTIN





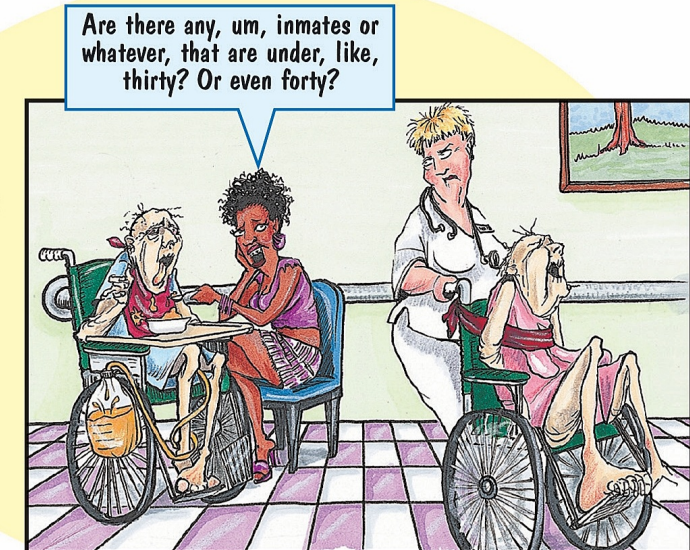
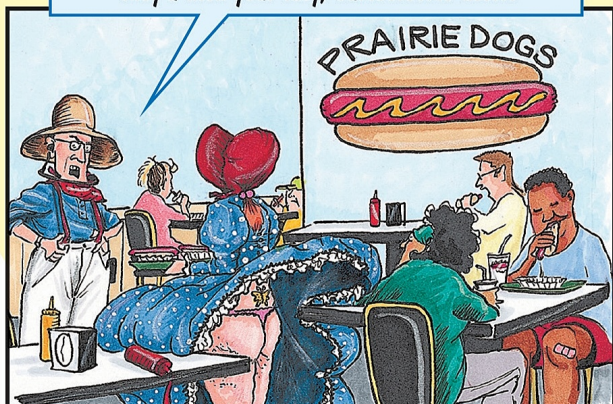
Summer means just one thing! Complete, constant freedom... for about a day or so. Then, if you want to actually do anything, you'll need a job to pay for it! But just because you've got to work, that doesn't mean you have to take the first job that comes along! Before you agree to put on that hairnet and plastic smock, here are some...

THINGS TO CONSIDER BEFORE

What are the hook-up possibilities?

How lame are the uniforms?

Cumbersome?!? Your dress is too *cumbersome*? Maybe you should take a minute — off the clock — and think about the REAL pioneer women and how they'd kick your lazy, cumbersome ass!!!



Is there cell phone reception?

Hold on — we're going through the freakin' tunnel again!



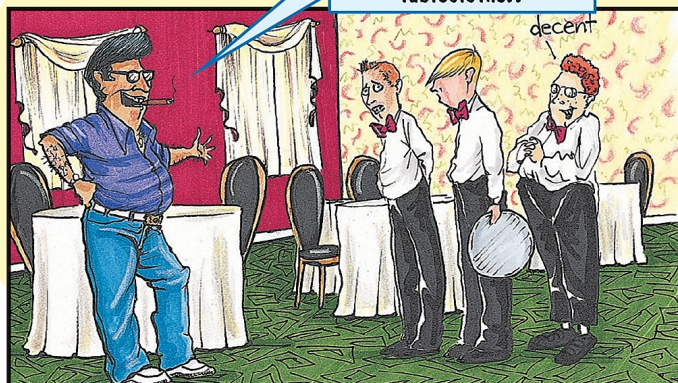
Will you be able to get there and back?

Hi, Mrs. Norbert? Um, this is Bradley Kwirk — 'member, from Webelos a few years ago?...Well, I was wondering if you could give me a lift...



Are the fringe benefits cool or sucky?

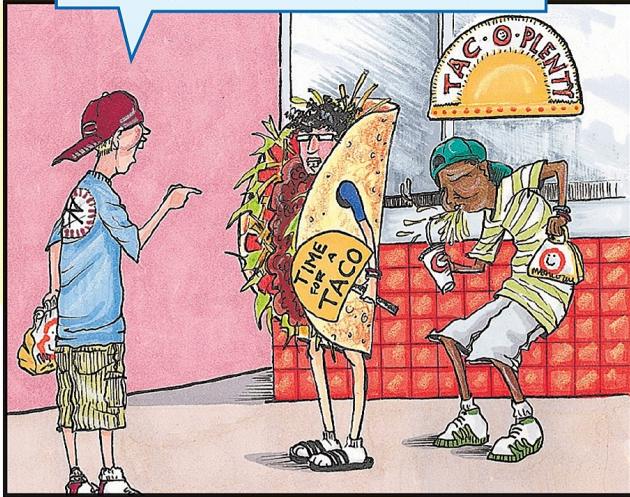
...and at the end of the season, you fellas get to keep all the stained tablecloths!!



ACCEPTING A SUMMER JOB

What's the humiliation factor?

Abby Smeadnoff? I haven't seen you since A.P. Physics! What have you been up to?



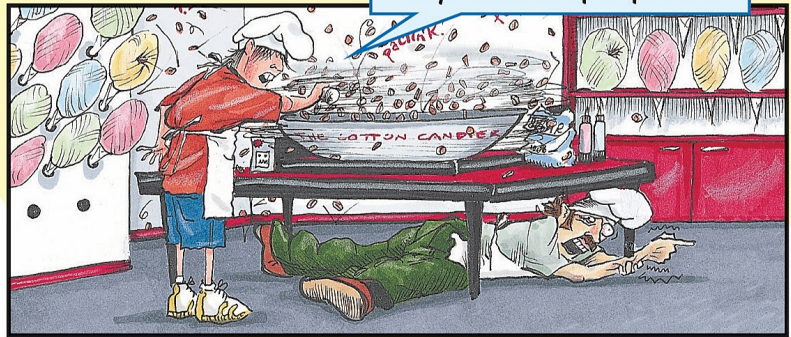
Will there be a lingering smell?



I'm breaking up with you because you stink of Bloomin' Onion every second.

Do you get to operate cool machines?

Sorry, Mr. Tibbutts, I didn't mean to give you another 'Nam freak-out...I was just seeing how this baby handles a cup of pennies.



Would you be happier just being broke?

So, if it's a loosey bowel, Marsha needs a Freshens wipe, but if she's straining to go, you might have to coax her digitally — oh, and she loves to humpy wrestle!



Will you end up with a good reference?

Well, Josh, I wasn't able to contact a "Mr. Smith"...apparently "Lawnmower Dudes" is no longer in business and he won't be up for parole for another six months.



Well, there was that old lady whose car I washed...oh wait — she's dead...



There's a sick new trend in movies! It started with "Airport", continued with "Towering Inferno", sunk to a low with "Earthquake" and has now reached the depths with the movie that's REALLY packing 'em in, the one about a giant shark that terrorizes a summer community! Yep, it's obvious that people get their kicks out of seeing other people die... in every horrible way possible, which includes being...

JA



Well, here we are... a bunch of teenagers enjoying a typical Summer night in the typical seaside community of Vomity, Long Island!

It sure is fun sitting on a cool beach, drinking beer... smoking pot... listening to Rock... and making out!

Yeah, but the first thing you know... it'll be September and we'll be back in school, and our whole lives'll change!

Yeah! What a drag... sittin' in a hot classroom, drinking beer... smoking pot... listening to Rock... and making out!

Maybe you're having fun... but I'm bored! Doesn't anything different ever happen on this beach?

Look at Freddy and Brenda... running to go swimming nude and then make out in the water!

Like I said, ... doesn't anything DIFFERENT happen on this beach?!

What's that strange THING out there?!

Yeah... and listen to that rich, melodic background music...!

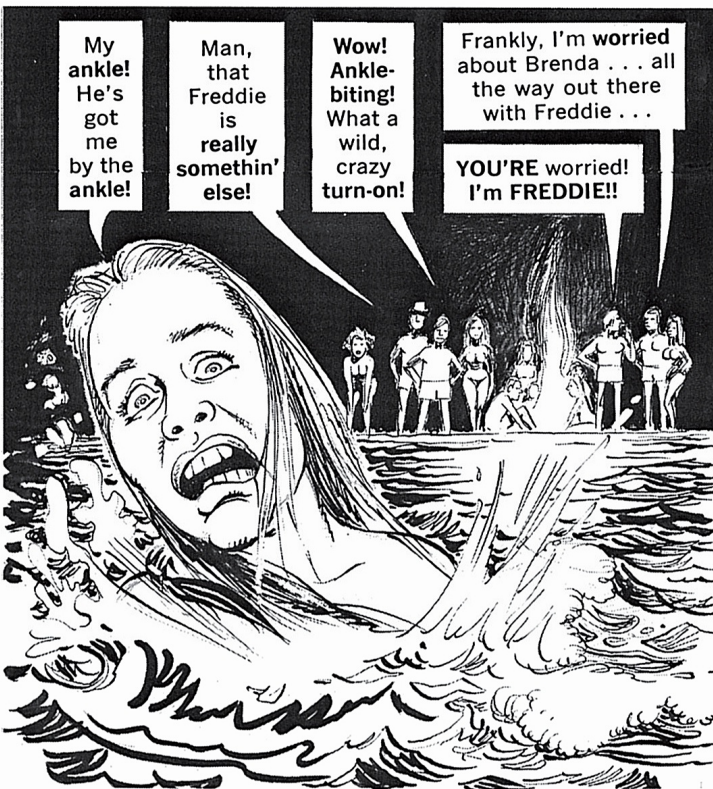
Oh, my God, it's horrible! HORRIBLE!

That strange thing out there...?

No—melodic music! I never heard music with a melody before! Quick! Someone turn up that Rock number before I go crazy!

AW'D

WRITER **LARRY SIEGEL** ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**



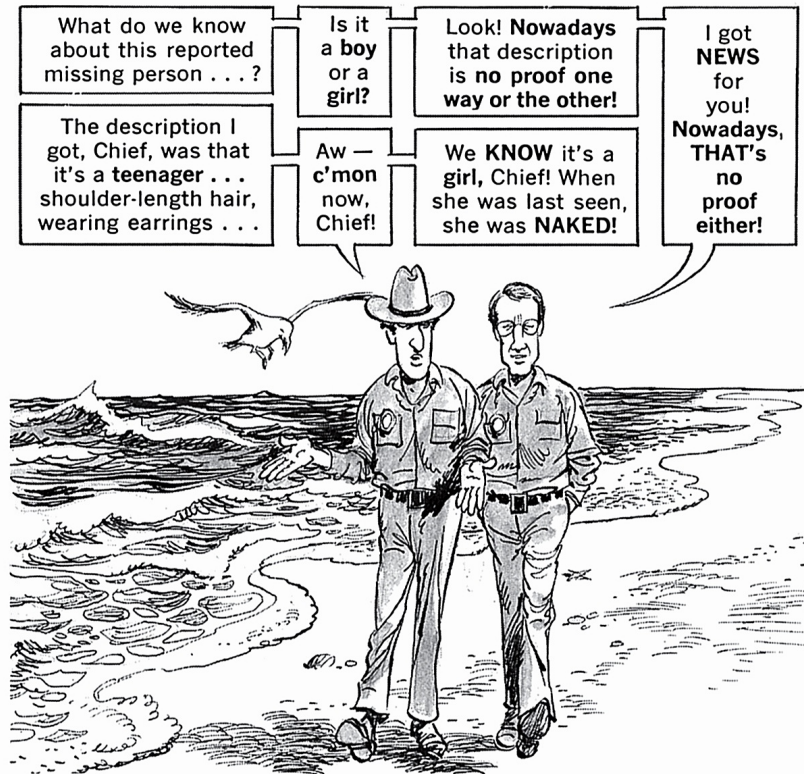
My ankle! He's got me by the ankle!

Man, that Freddie is really somethin' else!

Wow! Ankle-biting! What a wild, crazy turn-on!

Frankly, I'm worried about Brenda . . . all the way out there with Freddie . . .

YOU'RE worried! I'm **FREDDIE!!**



What do we know about this reported missing person . . . ?

Is it a boy or a girl?

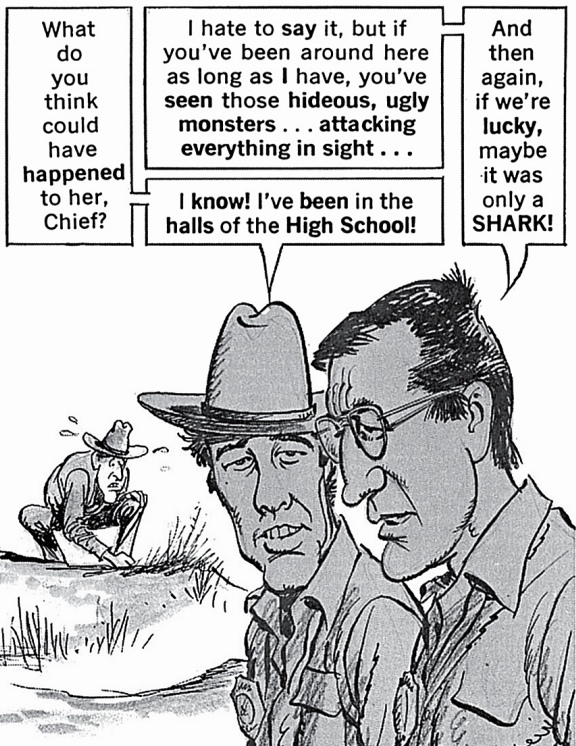
Look! Nowadays that description is **no proof one way or the other!**

I got **NEWS** for you! Nowadays, **THAT's** no proof either!

The description I got, Chief, was that it's a **teenager** . . . shoulder-length hair, wearing earrings . . .

Aw — c'mon now, Chief!

We **KNOW** it's a girl, Chief! When she was last seen, she was **NAKED!**

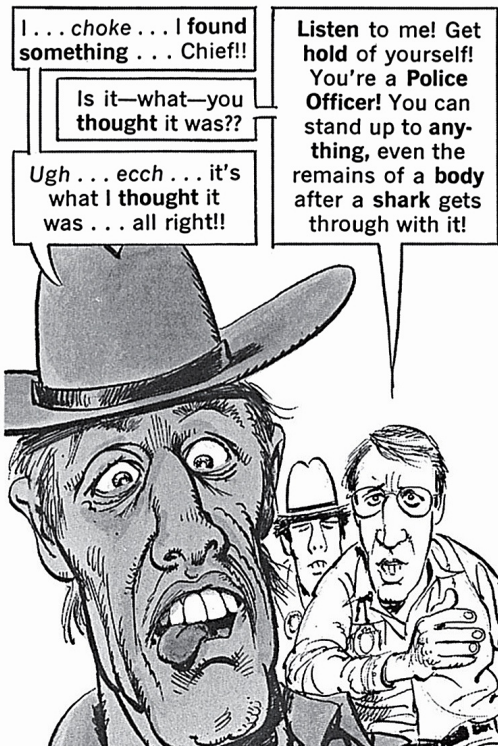


What do you think could have happened to her, Chief?

I hate to say it, but if you've been around here as long as I have, you've seen those hideous, ugly monsters . . . attacking everything in sight . . .

I know! I've been in the halls of the High School!

And then again, if we're lucky, maybe it was only a **SHARK!**

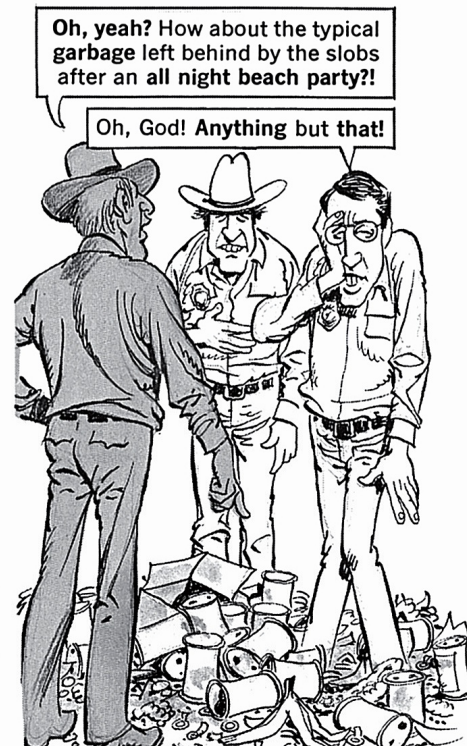


I . . . choke . . . I found something . . . Chief!!

Is it—what—you thought it was??

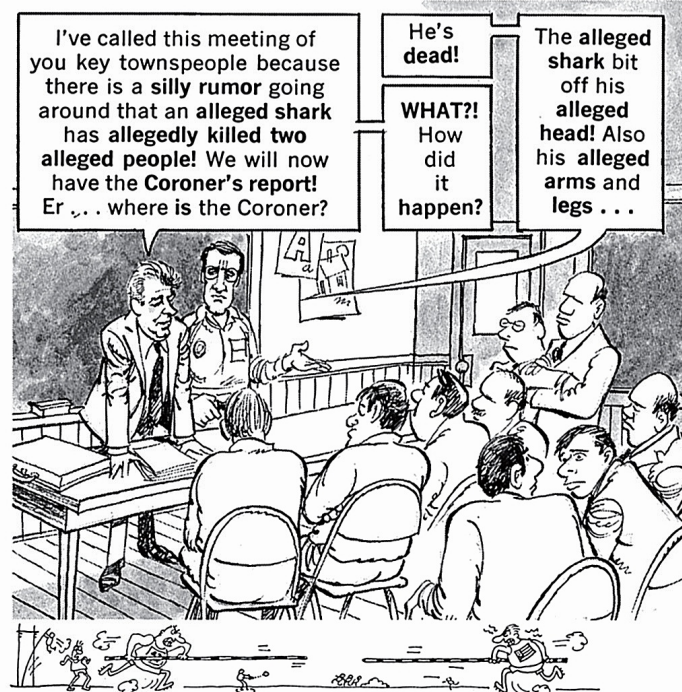
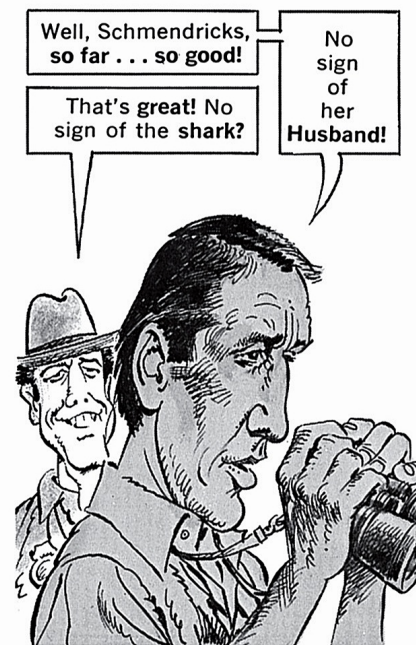
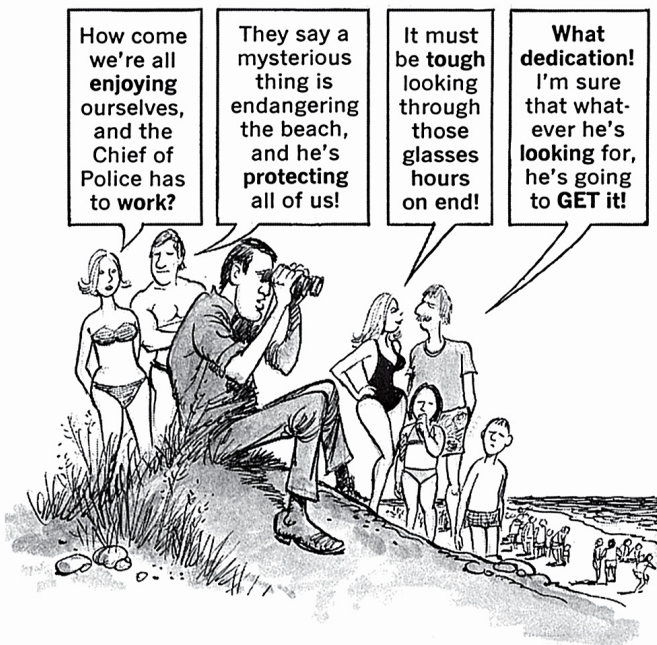
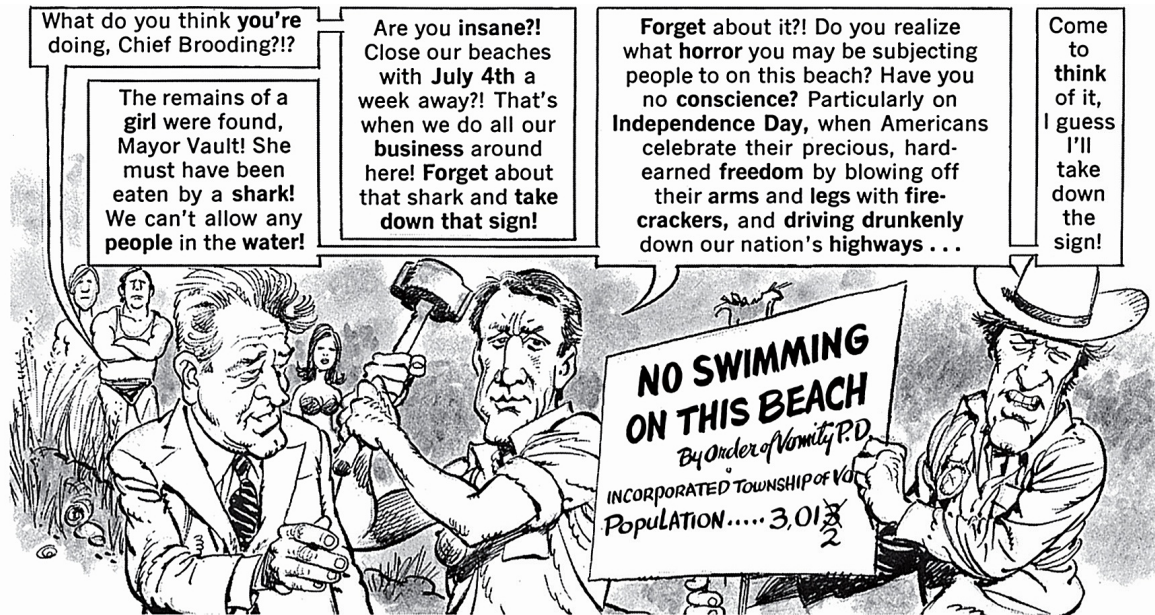
Ugh . . . ecch . . . it's what I thought it was . . . all right!!

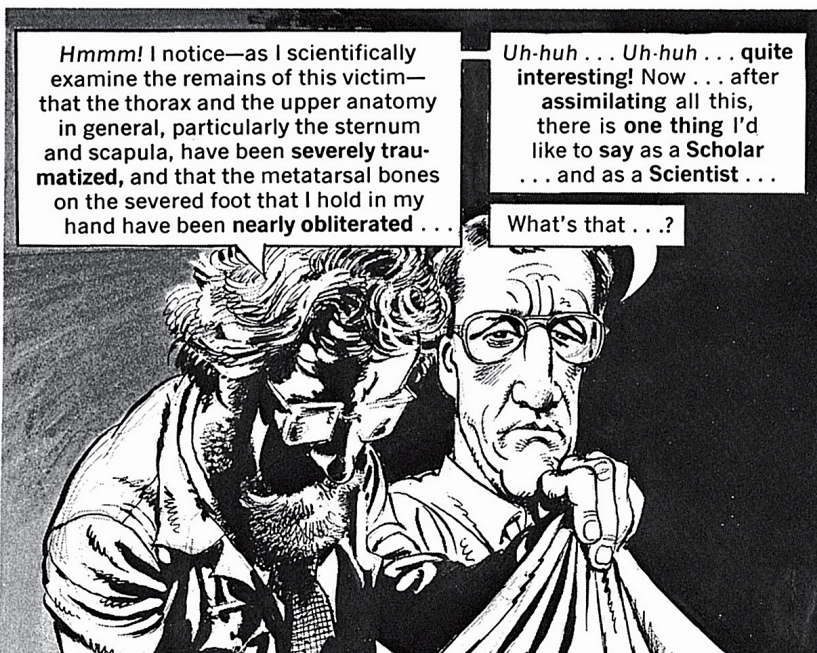
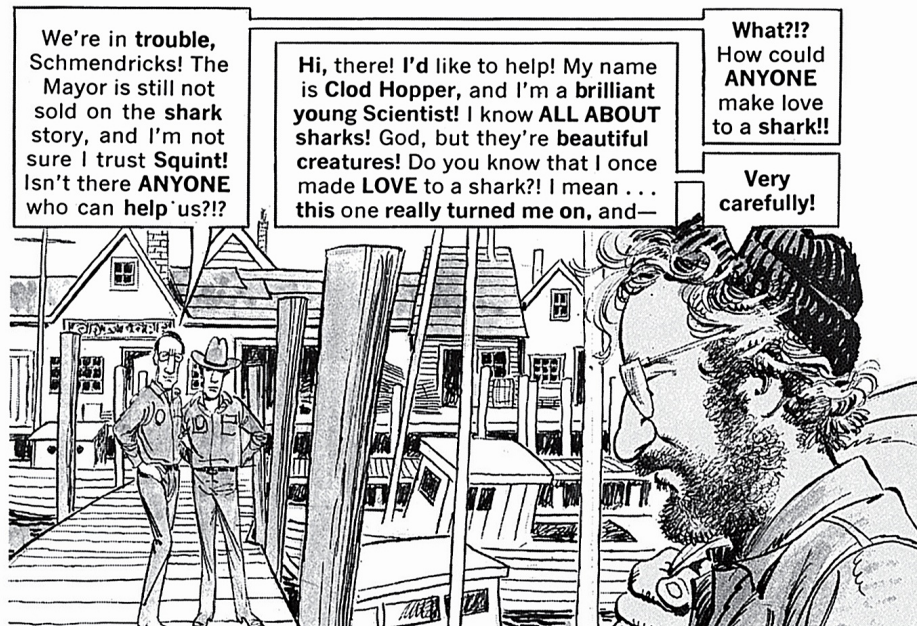
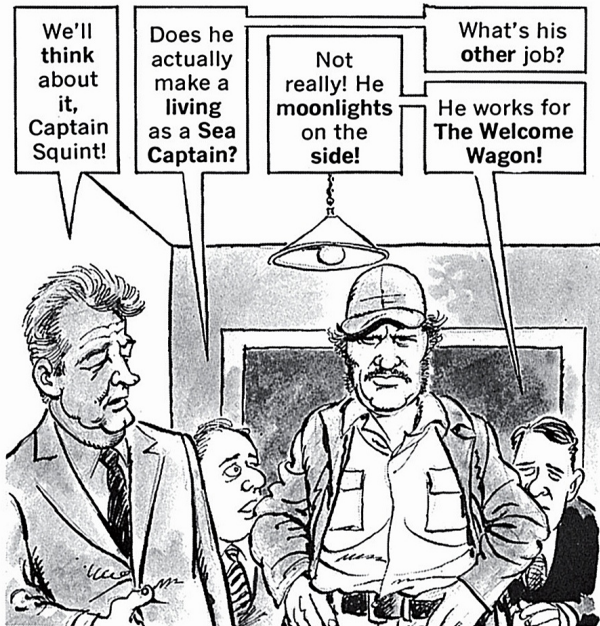
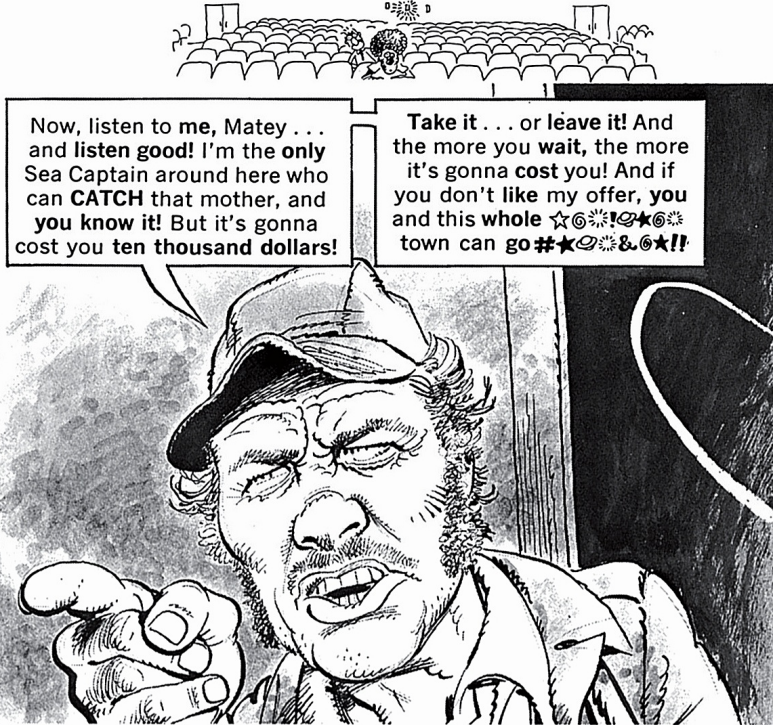
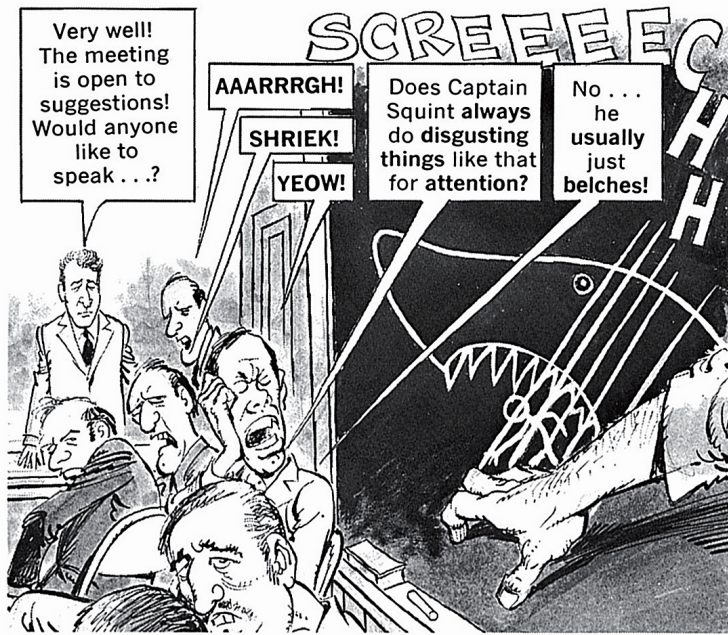
Listen to me! Get hold of yourself! You're a **Police Officer!** You can stand up to anything, even the remains of a **body** after a shark gets through with it!

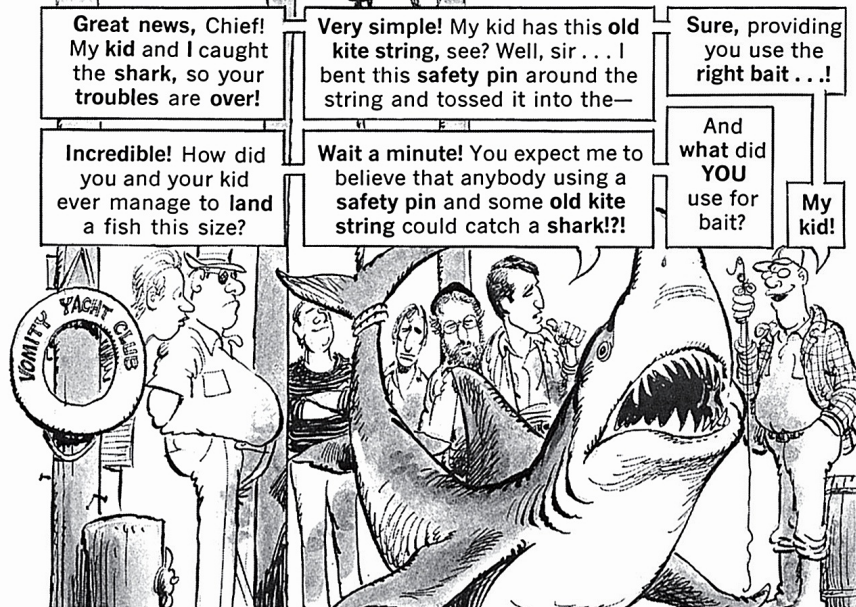


Oh, yeah? How about the typical garbage left behind by the slobs after an all night beach party?!

Oh, God! Anything but that!







Great news, Chief!
My kid and I caught
the shark, so your
troubles are over!

Very simple! My kid has this old
kite string, see? Well, sir . . . I
bent this safety pin around the
string and tossed it into the—

Sure, providing
you use the
right bait . . .!

And
what did
YOU
use for
bait?

My
kid!

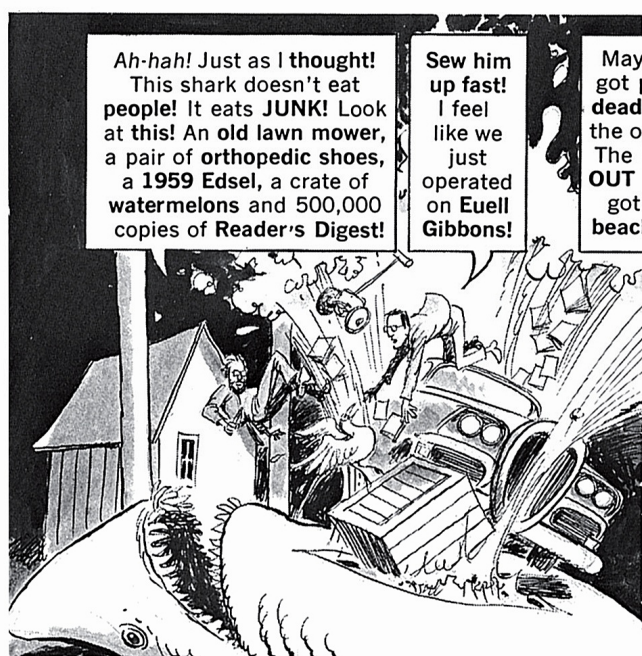
Incredible! How did
you and your kid
ever manage to land
a fish this size?

Wait a minute! You expect me to
believe that anybody using a
safety pin and some old kite
string could catch a shark?!

I'm not sure this is
the shark we're after!
The only way to know
for sure is to cut him
open and look for clues
inside! Don't worry! I
know what I'm doing!
I've been around fish
all my life . . .

You know,
you remind
me of a
surgeon!

You may
CUT
like a
surgeon,
but
you
SMELL
like a
surgeon!



Ah-hah! Just as I thought!
This shark doesn't eat
people! It eats **JUNK!** Look
at this! An old lawn mower,
a pair of orthopedic shoes,
a 1959 Edsel, a crate of
watermelons and 500,000
copies of Reader's Digest!

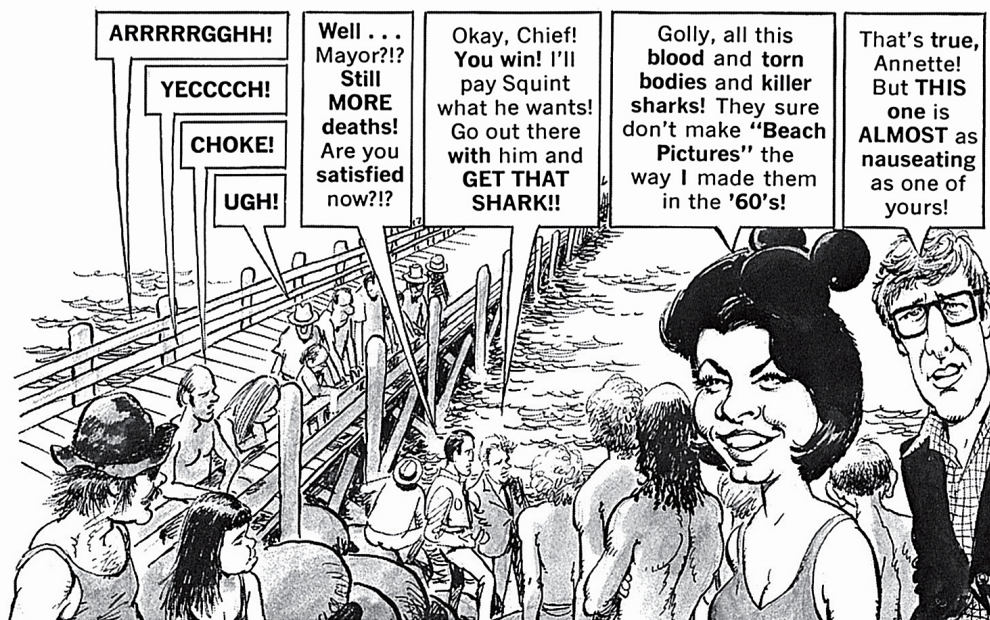
Sew him
up fast!
I feel
like we
just
operated
on Euell
Gibbons!

Mayor Vault! I've
got proof that the
dead shark is **NOT**
the one we're after!
The killer is **STILL**
OUT THERE! We've
got to close the
beaches . . . **NOW!!**

Not on your life! This
is July 4th! But don't
worry! They're going to
set up an impregnable
barrier in the water
that no shark will ever
be able to penetrate!

It won't work!
He's too smart!
He'll slip
past the gun
boats! He'll
sneak by the
helicopters!

I **KNOW** that! I'm
talking about the
NATURAL barrier:
that wall of typical
holiday refuse and
garbage . . . thrown
into the water by
50,000 beachgoers!



ARRRRRGHH!

YECCCH!

CHOKES!

UGH!

Well . . .
Mayor?!?
Still
MORE
deaths!
Are you
satisfied
now?!?

Okay, Chief!
You win! I'll
pay Squint
what he wants!
Go out there
with him and
GET THAT
SHARK!!

Golly, all this
blood and torn
bodies and killer
sharks! They sure
don't make "**Beach**
Pictures" the
way I made them
in the '60's!

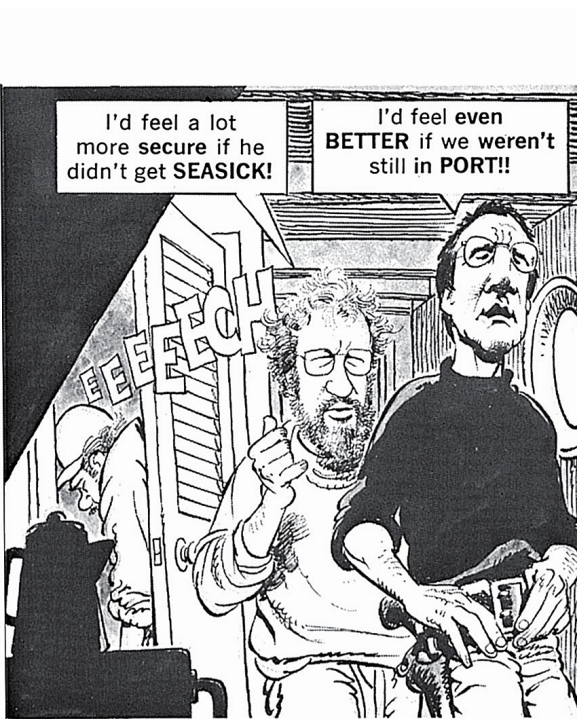
That's true,
Annette!
But **THIS**
one is
ALMOST as
nauseating
as one of
yours!

Now hear this, Mates! I'm the Captain of
this@#%&& boat, and what I say **GOES!**
I've been a sailor, man and boy, for **forty**
years! I know every inch of this ocean and
every nook and cranny of this boat! I know
the sound and the smell and the language
of the sea! And now, if you'll excuse me,
I gotta go to The Little Boy's Room . . .

Don't you mean "The Head"?

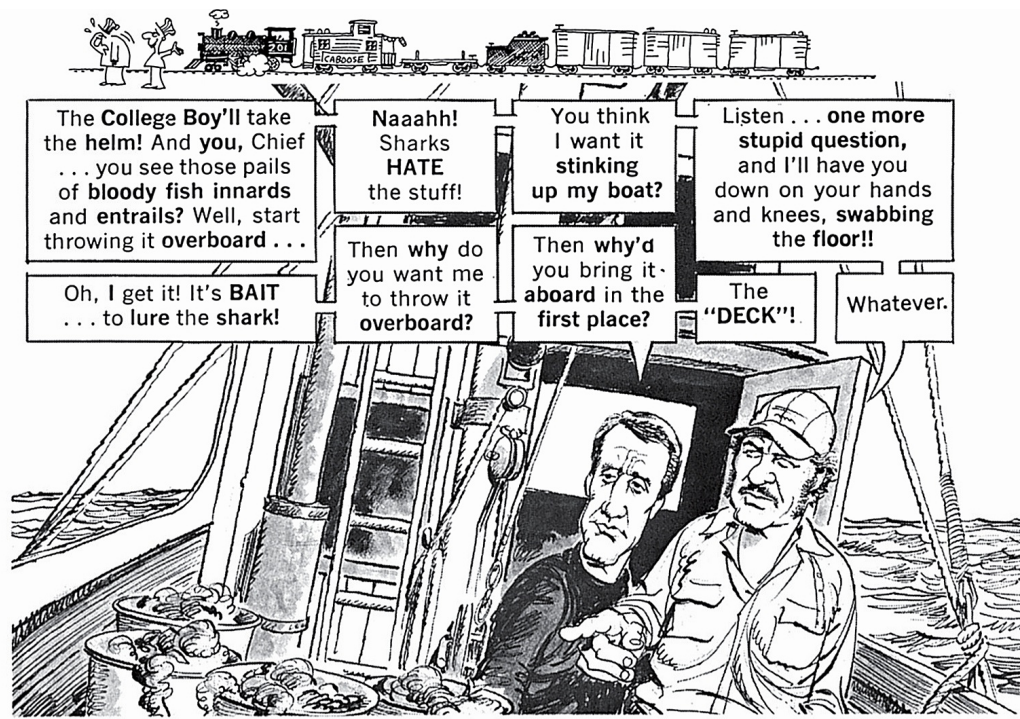
Whatever.





I'd feel a lot more secure if he didn't get **SEASICK!**

I'd feel even **BETTER** if we weren't still in **PORT!!**



The **College Boy**'ll take the helm! And you, Chief . . . you see those pails of bloody fish innards and entrails? Well, start throwing it **overboard** . . .

Naaahh! Sharks **HATE** the stuff!

You think I want it stinking up my boat?

Listen . . . **one more stupid question**, and I'll have you down on your hands and knees, swabbing the floor!!

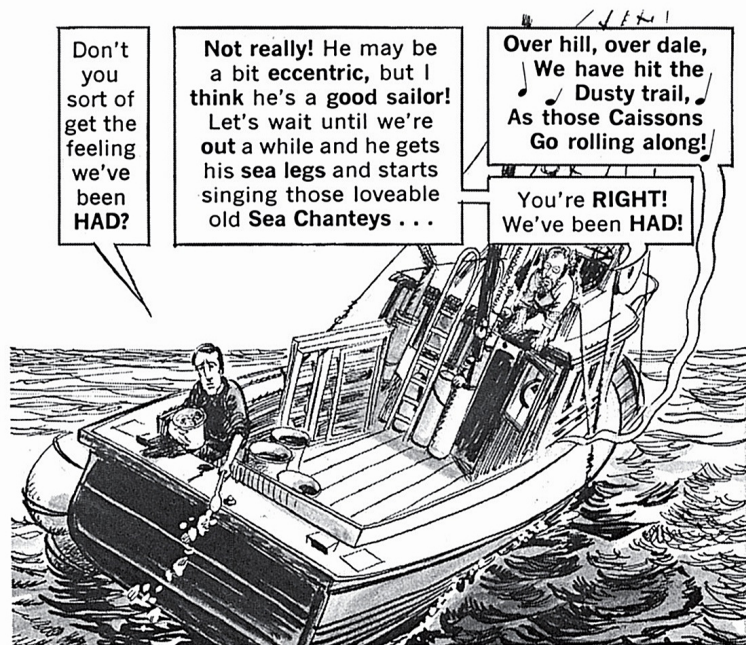
Oh, I get it! It's **BAIT** . . . to lure the shark!

Then why do you want me to throw it **overboard**?

Then why'd you bring it aboard in the first place?

The **"DECK"**!

Whatever.

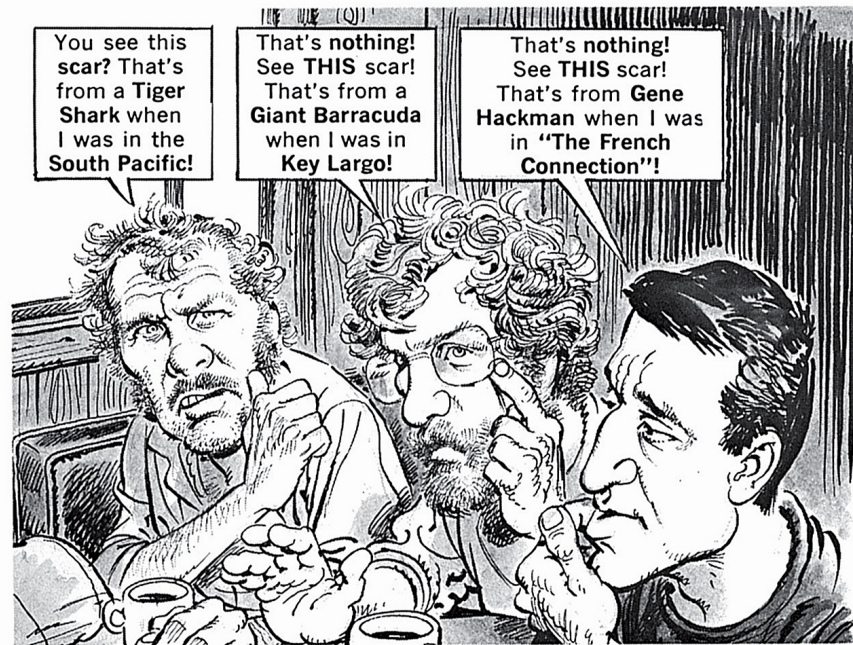


Don't you sort of get the feeling we've been **HAD**?

Not really! He may be a bit eccentric, but I think he's a good sailor! Let's wait until we're out a while and he gets his sea legs and starts singing those loveable old Sea Chanteys . . .

Over hill, over dale,
We have hit the
Dusty trail,
As those Caissons
Go rolling along!

You're **RIGHT!**
We've been **HAD!**



You see this scar? That's from a **Tiger Shark** when I was in the **South Pacific!**

That's nothing! See **THIS** scar! That's from a **Giant Barracuda** when I was in **Key Largo!**

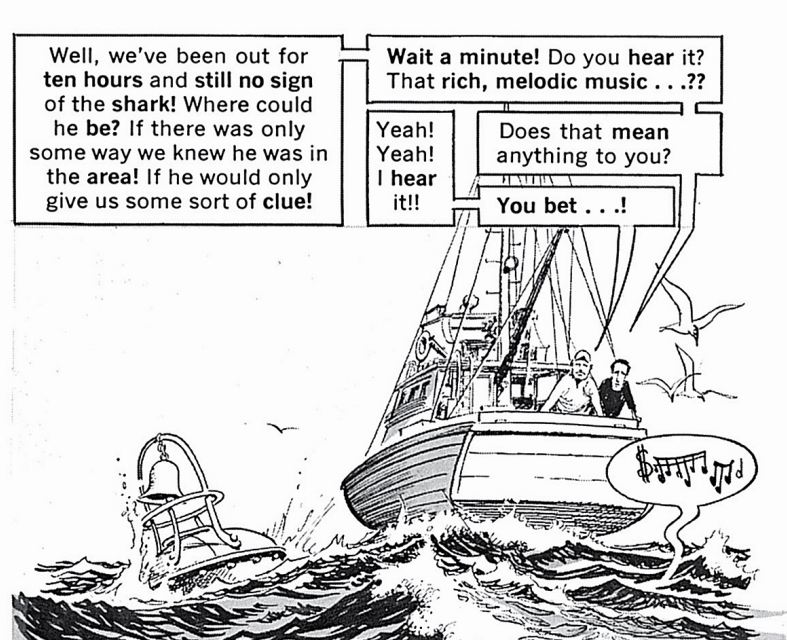
That's nothing! See **THIS** scar! That's from **Gene Hackman** when I was in **"The French Connection"**!



C'mon, Squint . . . you're an expert on sharks! Tell us all about 'em!

Oh, the shark has . . . Pretty teeth, dear . . . And he shows them . . . Pearly white . . .

Boy . . . with these Old Salts, everything is a **SONG CUE!!**



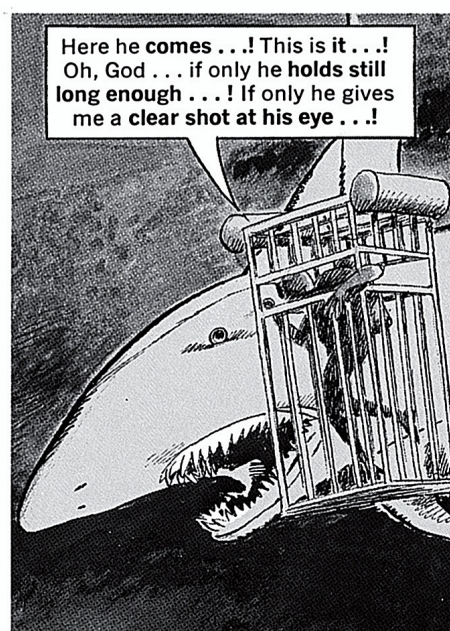
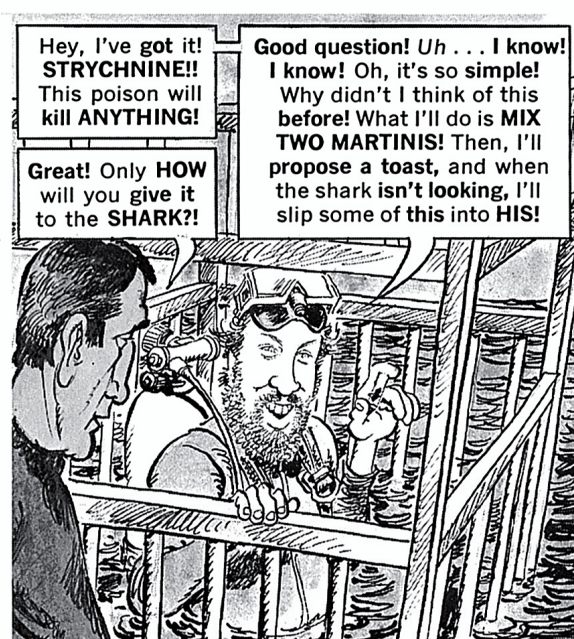
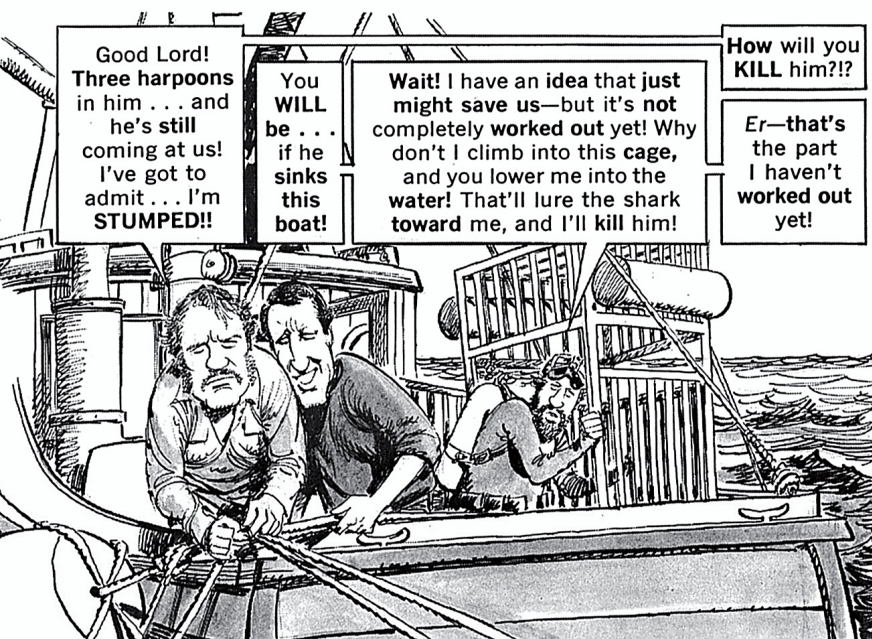
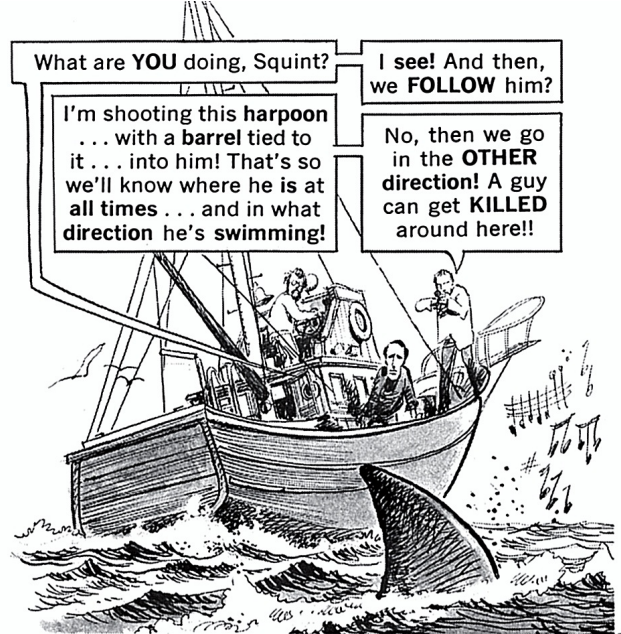
Well, we've been out for ten hours and still no sign of the shark! Where could he be? If there was only some way we knew he was in the area! If he would only give us some sort of clue!

Wait a minute! Do you hear it? That rich, melodic music . . . ?

Yeah! Yeah! I hear it!!

Does that mean anything to you?

You bet . . . !





He's back! He got Clod! The poison thing didn't work! What now, Captain?

You wait here while I go and check the old Navy Manual ...

It's too late for that now! A desperate situation calls for desperate measures! Er—I know! Listen to THIS ...

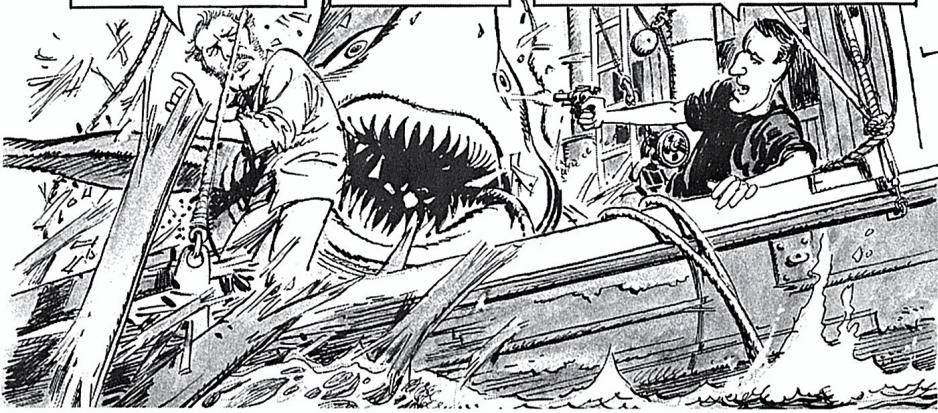
OKAY, SHARK ... MY MEN HAVE YOU SURROUNDED! DROP YOUR TEETH AND COME OUT OF THE WATER WITH YOUR FINS UP AND YOU WON'T GET HURT ...

Wait a minute, Shark! Not so FAR out of the water!!

Too bad! It always worked in "COPS AND ROBBERS" movies!

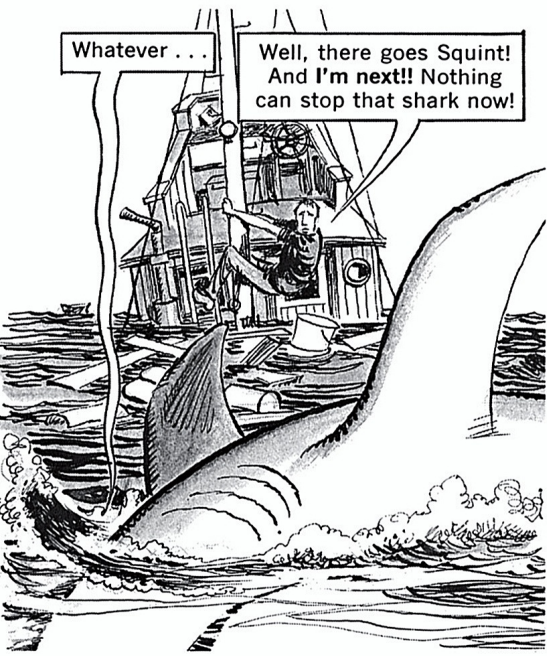
Well, Mate! I guess I'm a goner! But if I gotta go, I suppose it's only fit that an old sailor like me dies at sea! So long, lad! This old sea dog is headed for his final resting place in Davey Smith's Locker ...

That's Davey JONES'S Locker!



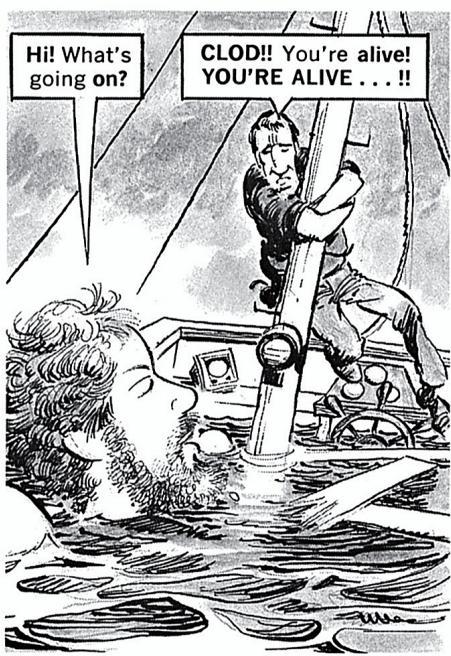
Whatever ...

Well, there goes Squint! And I'm next!! Nothing can stop that shark now!



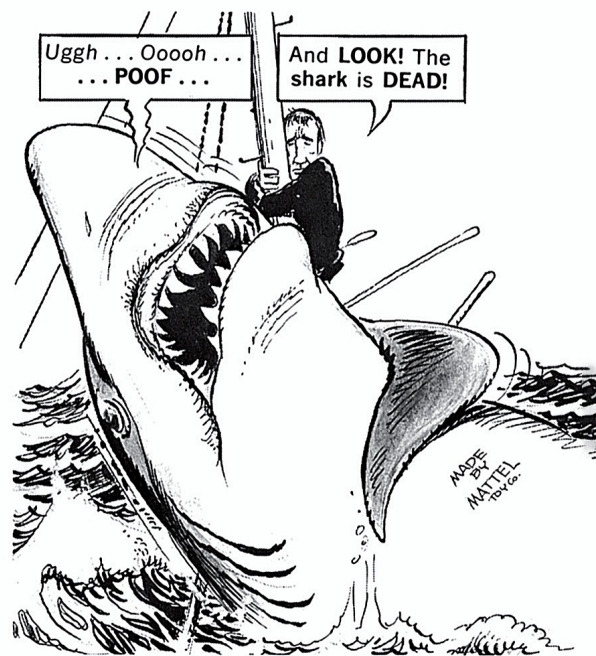
Hi! What's going on?

CLOD!! You're alive! YOU'RE ALIVE ... !!



Uggh ... Ooooh ... POOF ...

And LOOK! The shark is DEAD!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #180, JAN 1976

It's a miracle! How did the shark DIE?

Psychological Indigestion!

What in hell is that?

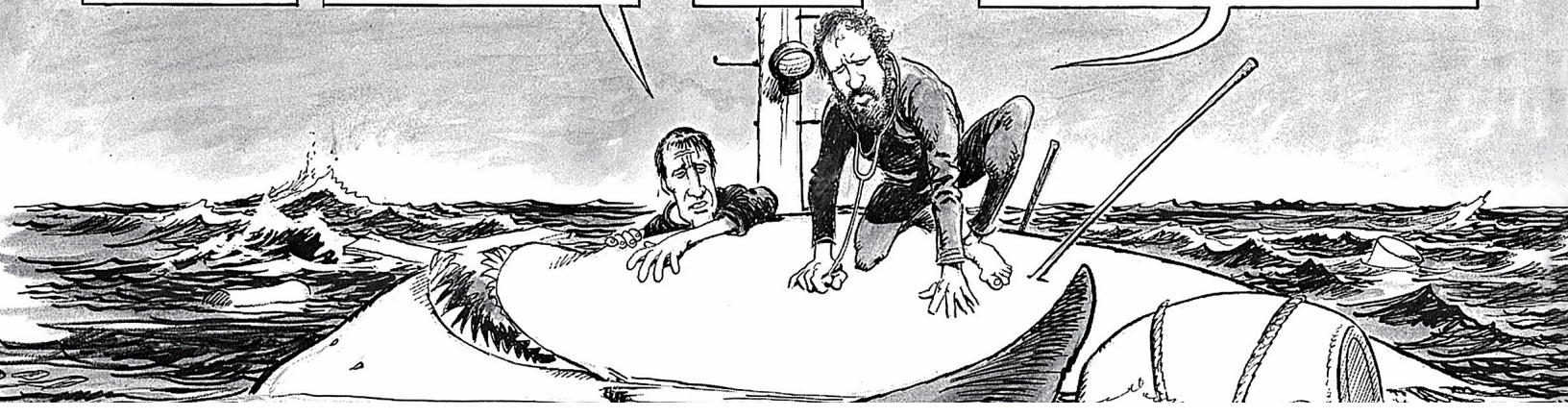
It's a very rare fish disease, brought on by a very common movie disease that we Scientists call "Scriptus Fantasticus!"

C'mon, Man! Talk sense!

I think you know by now that a shark can usually eat ANYTHING! However, when he had me underwater ... and he destroyed my cage ... and there I was, swimming around, helpless ... and the Director wouldn't let him devour me so he could get a cheap, corny happy ending to this movie after subjecting the audience to two hours of nauseating garbage ...

You mean ...

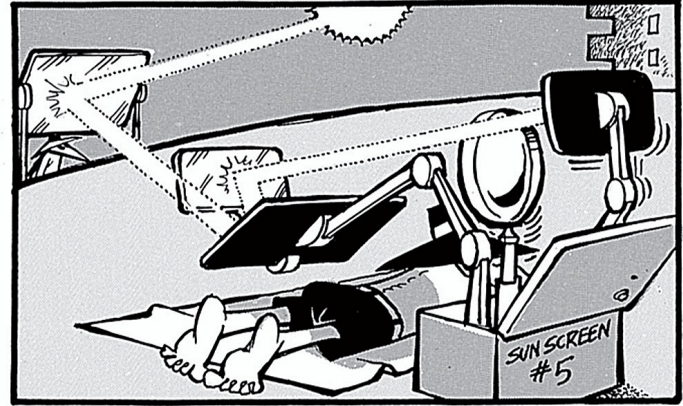
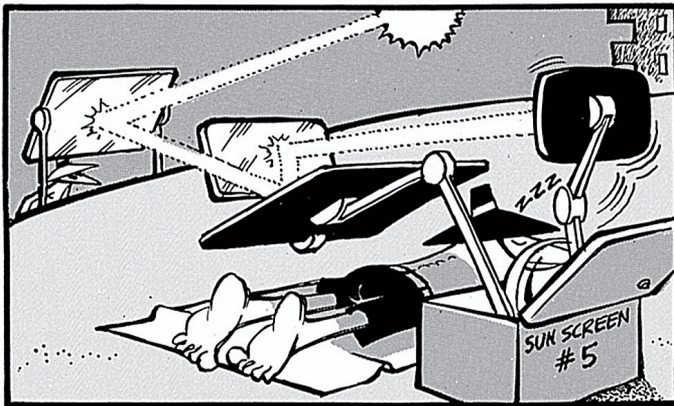
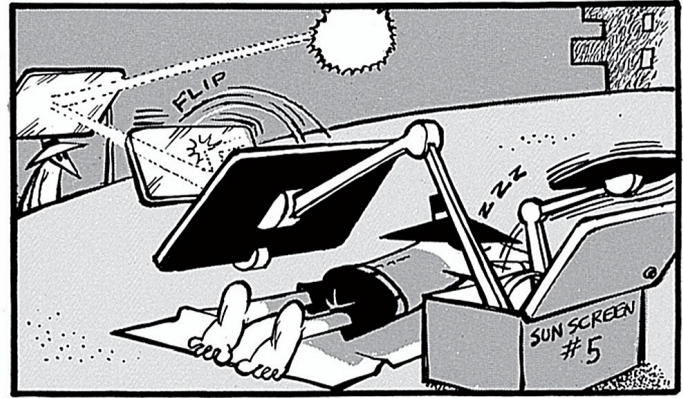
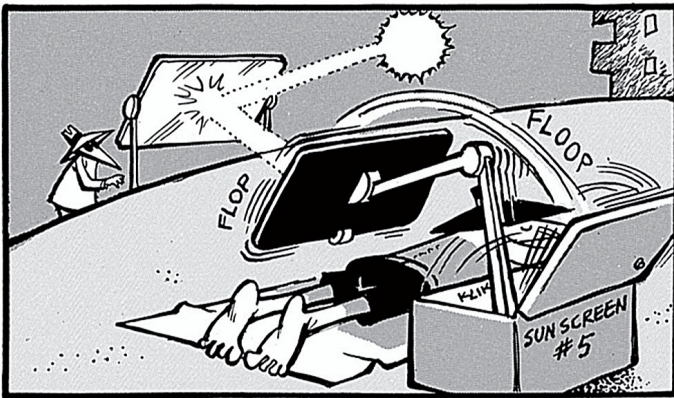
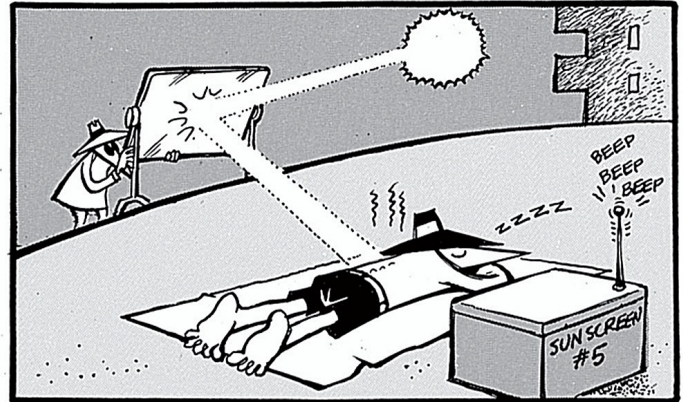
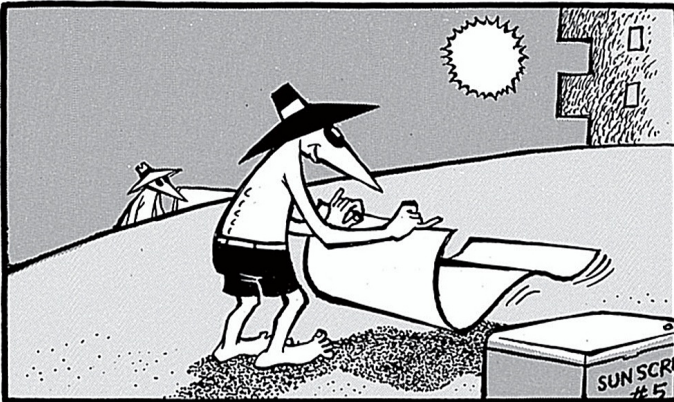
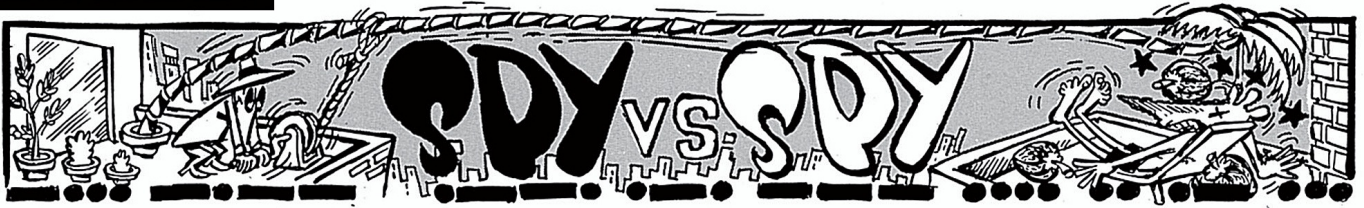
Right! THAT, not even a SHARK could swallow!



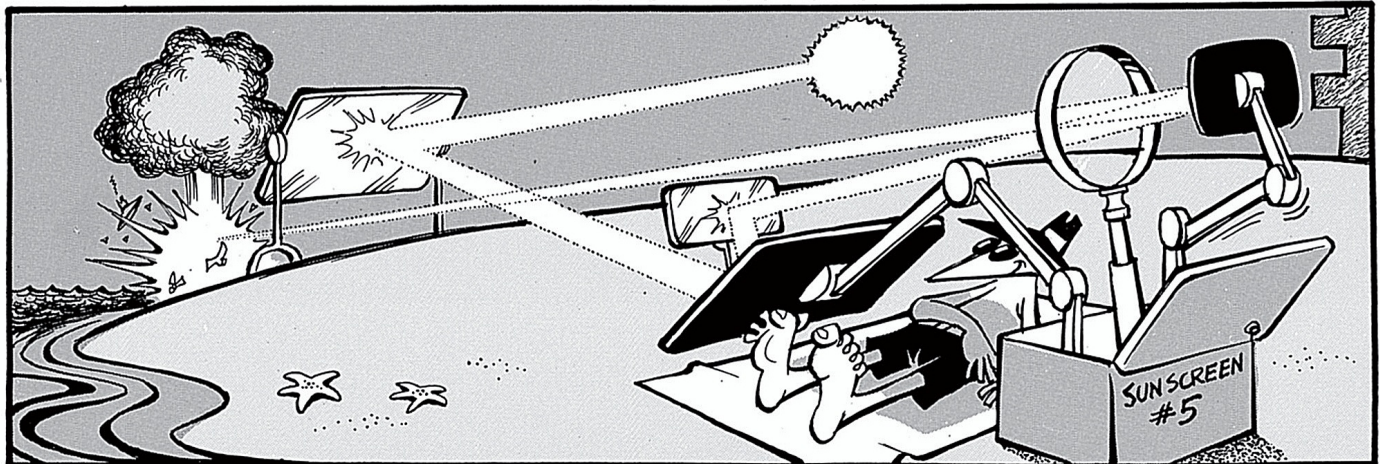


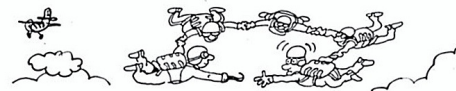
MAD's TOM BUNK





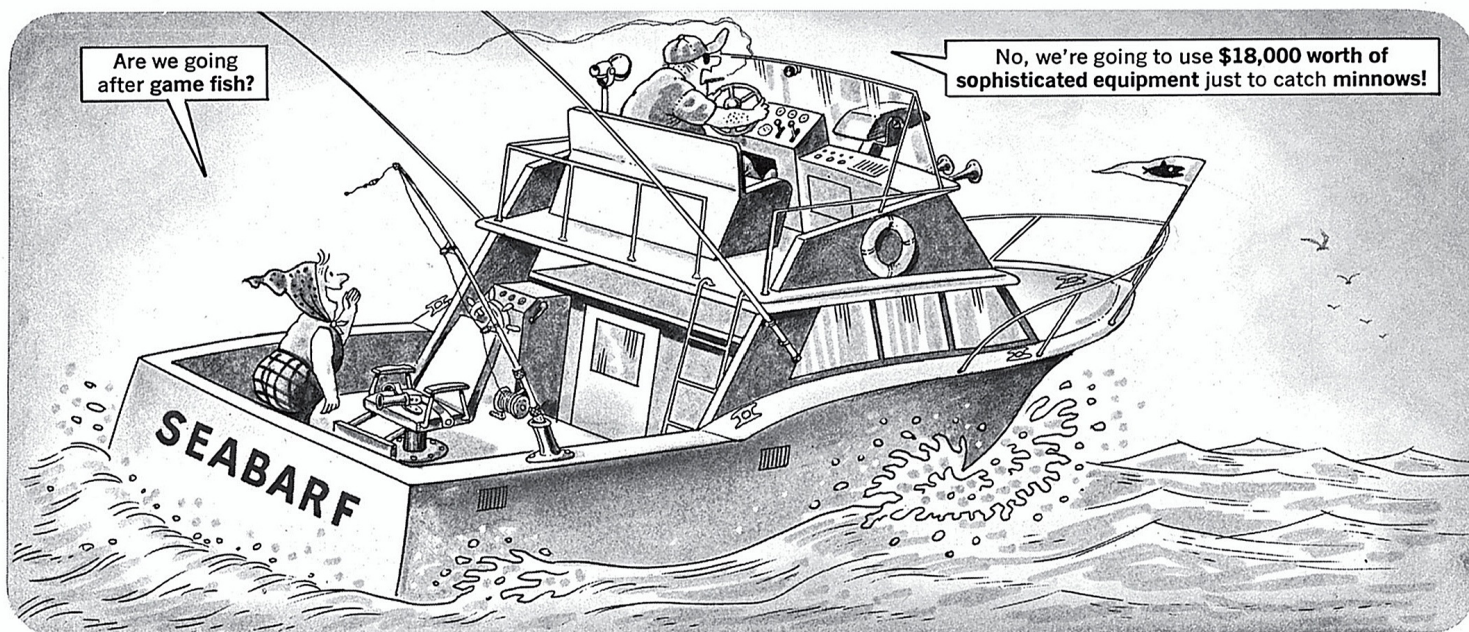
WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS

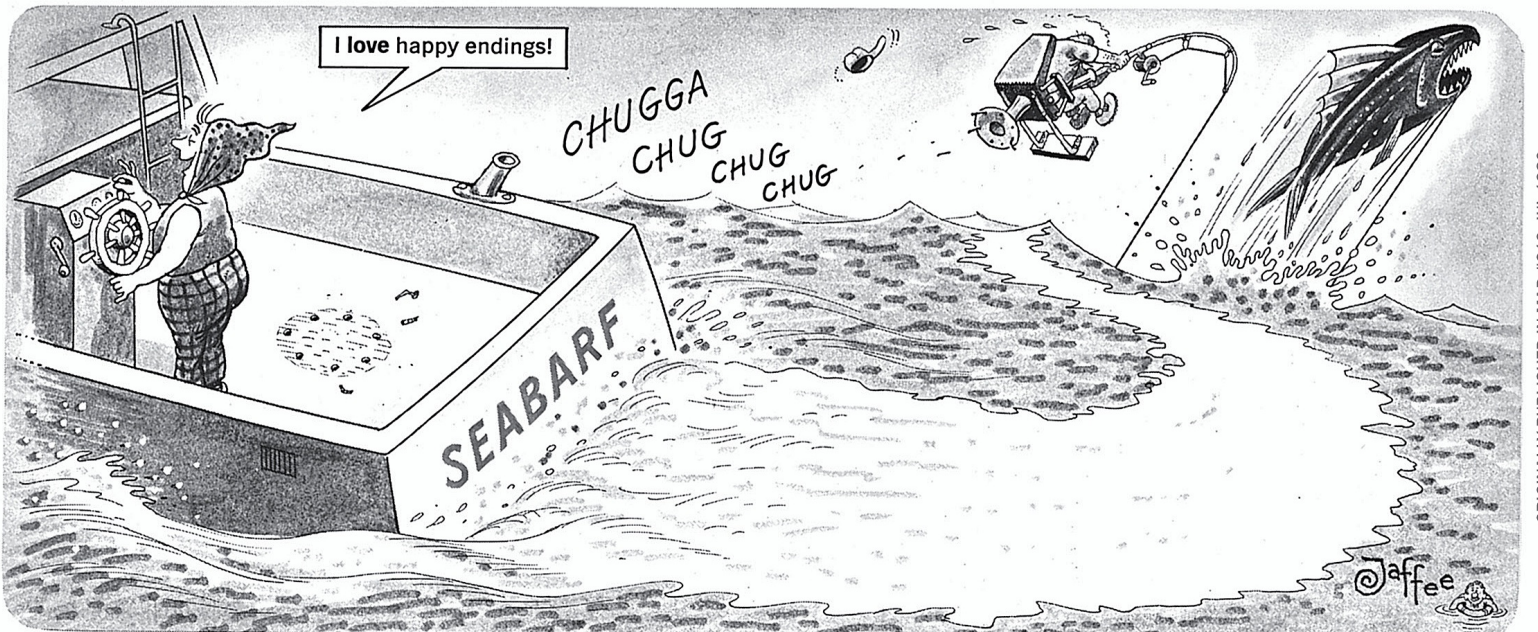
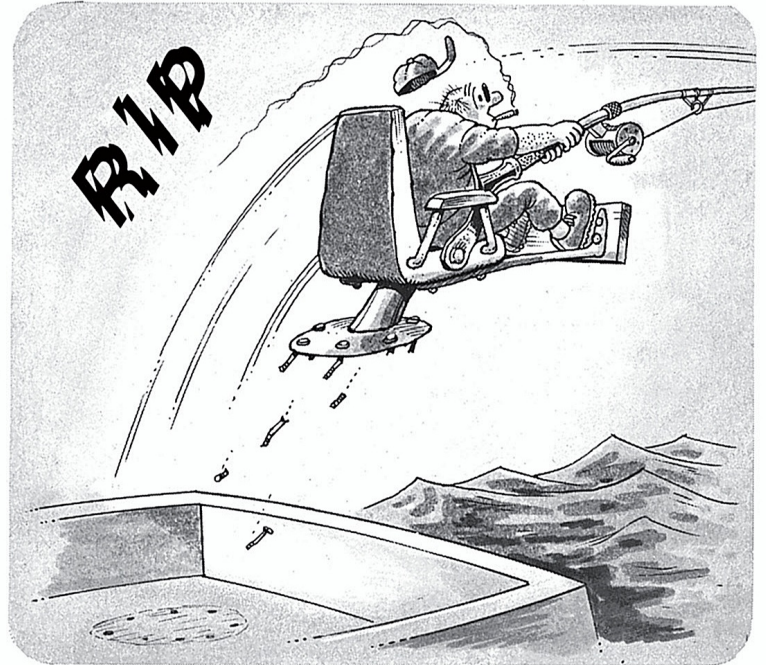
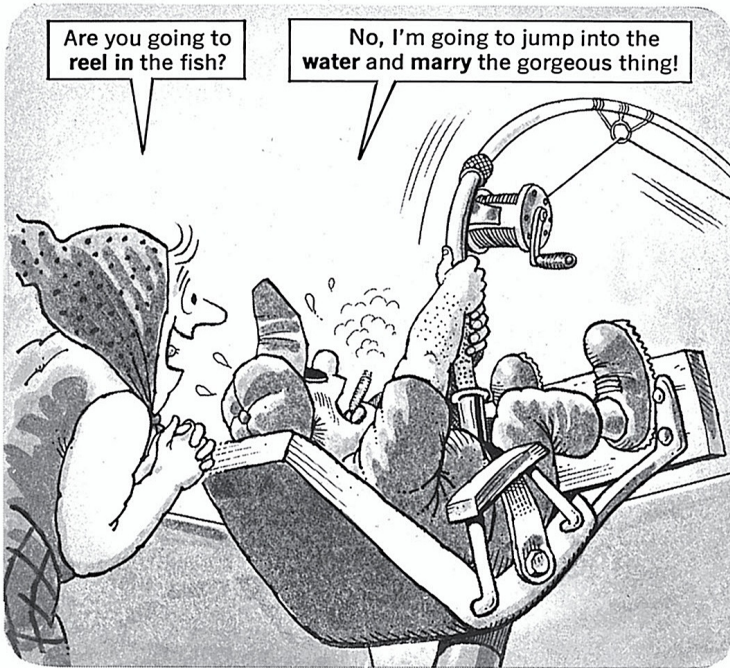
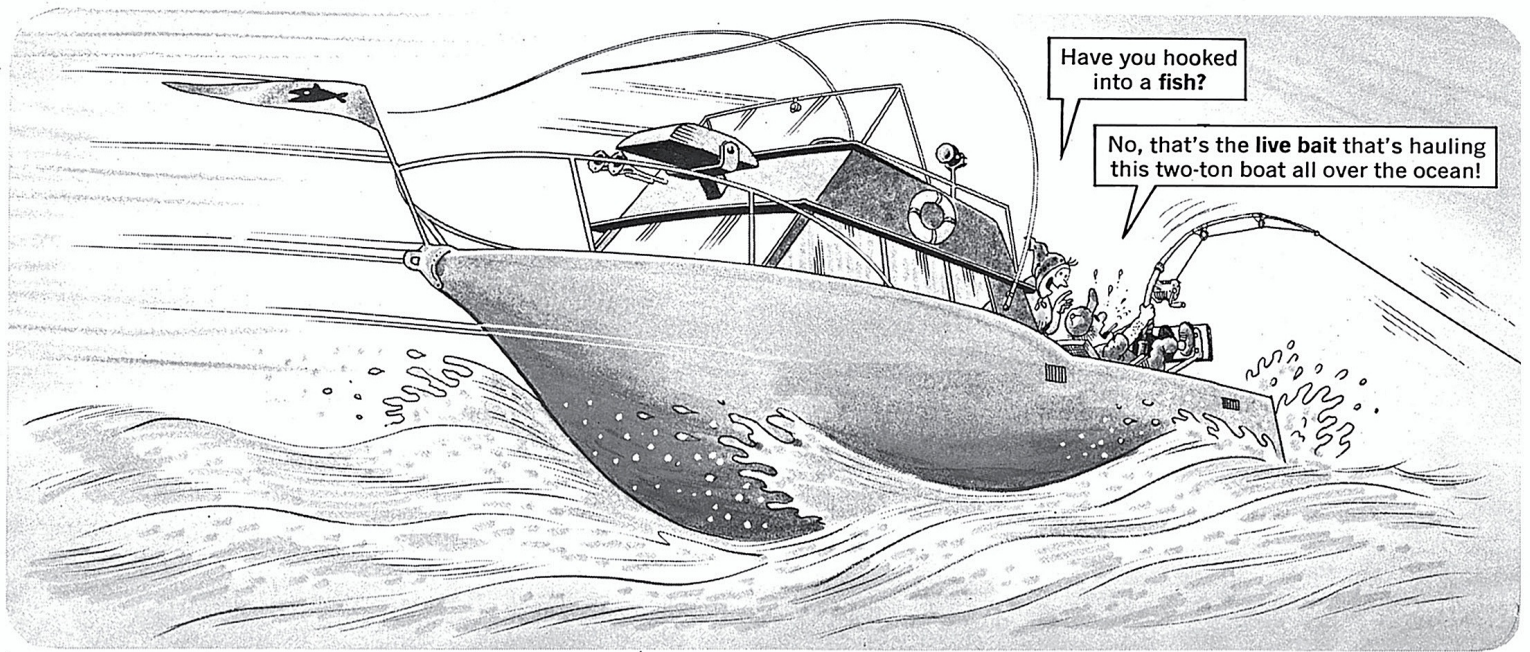




AN AL JAFFEE SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS Fishing Incident

WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE







SPY VS SPY VS SPY



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #82, OCT 1963



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS



Planning for Summer

With 90,000 people in attendance, you probably won't get close enough to the stage to need earplugs. But given the fact that none of them will be bathing for the next three days, you might want to consider noseplugs.

Your Music Festival

WRITER KENNY KEIL

ARTIST JOHN MARTZ

If the Coca-Cola Stage is a little too corporate and mainstream for your tastes, try discovering some new obscure indie talent over at the RC Cola Gazebo.

Please wait until Skrillex has finished his set to ask him if you can charge your phone on his laptop.

Wear sunglasses! For the UV protection, yes. But mostly for plausible deniability when your mom finds your festival photos on Facebook.

Find an easily recognizable landmark to meet at in case you get separated from your friends: lockers, merch booths, blackout drunk dudes in My Little Pony costumes, etc.

Be selective in which bands you choose to see. Once you factor in the time you'll spend waiting in lines, setting up your tent, and getting to the stage, you're going to be left with about five to ten minutes of actual music, so make it count.

Don't forget about Insect Repellent! (No, schmuck — they're playing the main pavilion at 9 PM!)

Get out there and mingle! Remember, a stranger is just a friend who hasn't thrown up all over you during a game of Strip-Twister yet.

You didn't hear this from us, but if you let the people at the front gate know it's your birthday, the Wu-Tang Clan has been known to come out singing with free cookie cake.

And finally, don't forget to remove all your body glitter and wristband passes before returning to the job you just called in sick to for the past three days.



TICKET DERIDE DEPT.

It's summer — which means it's concert season! (It's also mold allergy season, but that makes for a far less entertaining article...) What could be better than the roar of the crowd, the wail of the guitar and the possibility of seeing random boobies? Well...plenty! Mold allergies will be a welcome change after you've read these...

Reasons You Should Definitely Skip Summer Concerts

WRITER JACOB LAMBERT ARTIST SIMON GANE

Eightieth show
this year, brothas!
Feel the love!

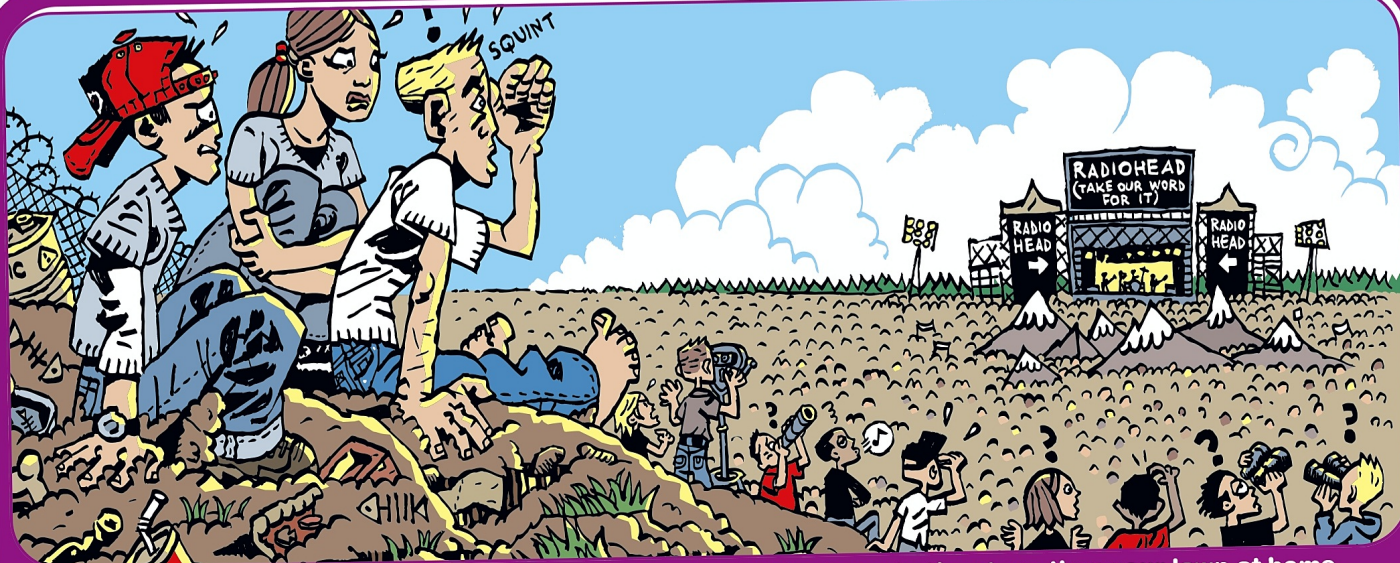


Parking lots overrun with pathetic "touring" freaks who think that following a band all summer, having no job and smelling like feet is "liberating," not "depressing" and "pathetic."

Whoa-whoa-whoa!
What are these supposed
to be, tough guy?

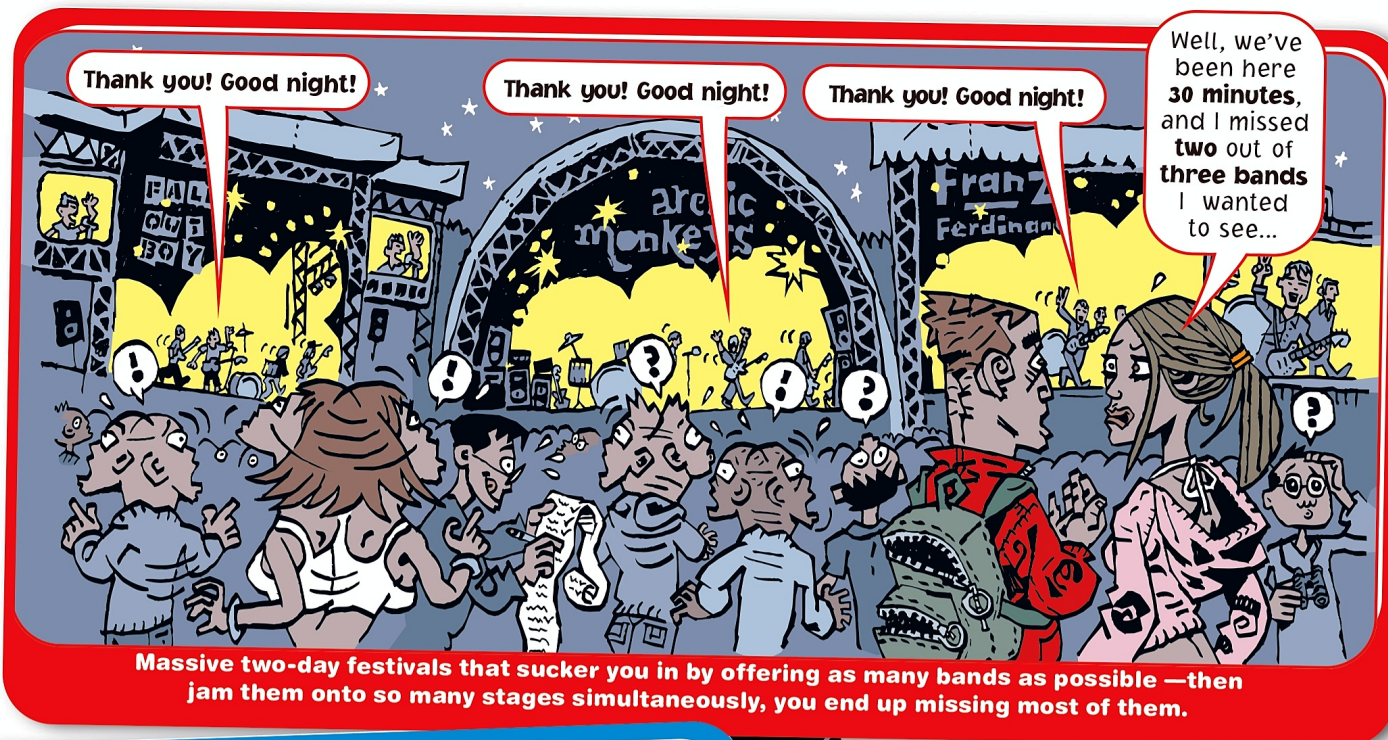


Being groped at the entrance by overzealous "Event Staff" — as if Death Cab For Cutie fans are notorious for packing switchblades underneath their skin-tight emo summer attire.



"Lawn sections" that are way less grassy and only slightly closer to the stage than your lawn at home.





Massive two-day festivals that suck you in by offering as many bands as possible — then jam them onto so many stages simultaneously, you end up missing most of them.



Paying fifty bucks extra for a "floor seat" that ends up being five feet from the cheapo section you were hoping to avoid.



The endless, boring wait for the show to start — which is always made worse by drooling idiots that go berserk every time a roadie comes out to plug something in.



The eternal t-shirt dilemma — get a high-quality version for 35 bucks, or pay \$9 for a crappy bootleg that'll shrink to the size of a napkin after one washing?



Poser punk acts who don't realize that "anti-authority rebels" probably wouldn't have their tour sponsored by gigantic multinational companies.



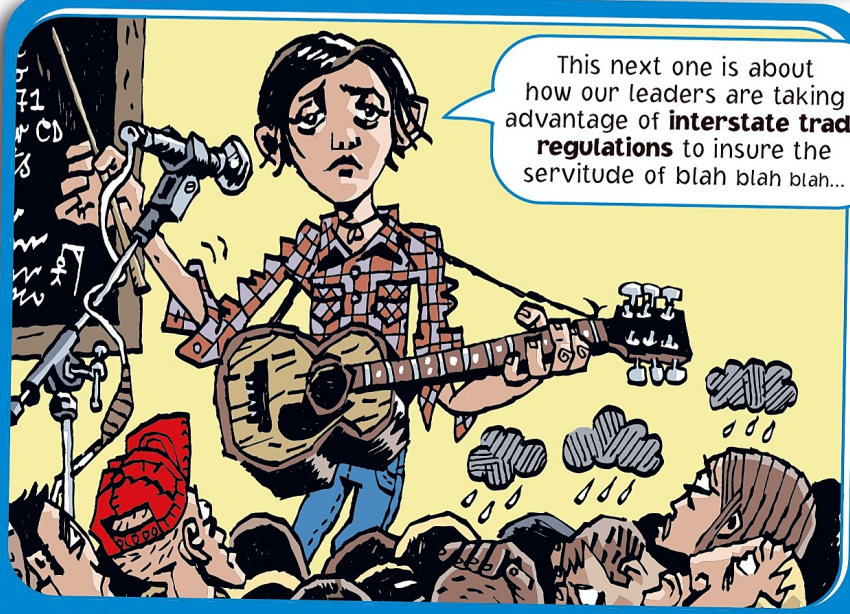
Pretentious bands that refuse to play their early hits "on principle," and completely forget the "principle" of entertaining the 10,000 fans who paid \$150 to hear them.



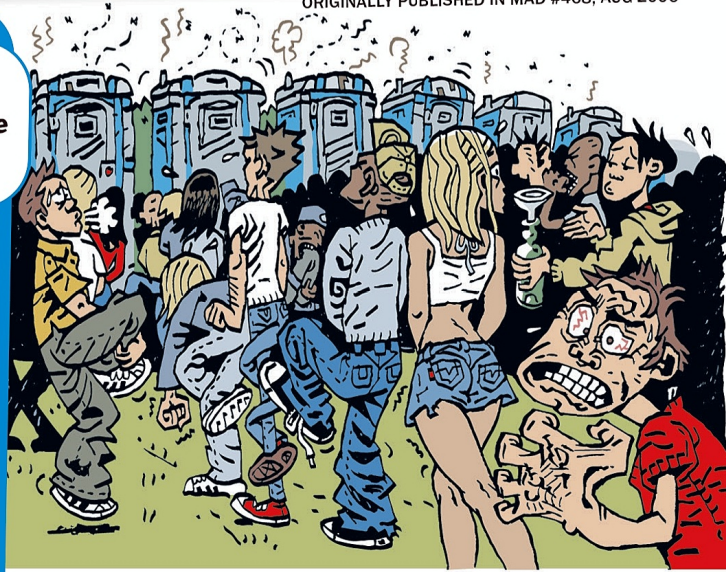
Hip-hop package tours that feature "today's hottest rappers"—all of whom show up late, wasted, and eager to get the hell off stage.



Crappy seats that make it impossible for you to see anything but the video monitors — meaning you've basically shelled out ninety bucks to watch a concert DVD, outdoors, with a horde of hooting, belligerent strangers.



Political statements by singers who forget that summer is when kids get a break from long-winded, half-baked lectures.



Stupid festival planners who somehow think that ten putrid, horsefly-filled port-a-potties are enough for a crowd of 100,000.

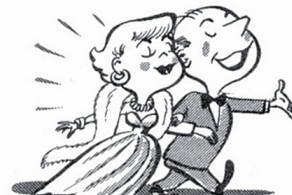
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #468, AUG 2006



THESE DAYS, WHEN
POP TELLS MOM...

I'm taking
you *out* for
dinner, dear!

HE DOESN'T MEAN OUT TO A FANCY RESTAURANT!
HE MEANS HE'S TAKING HER **OUTSIDE**, TO THE ...

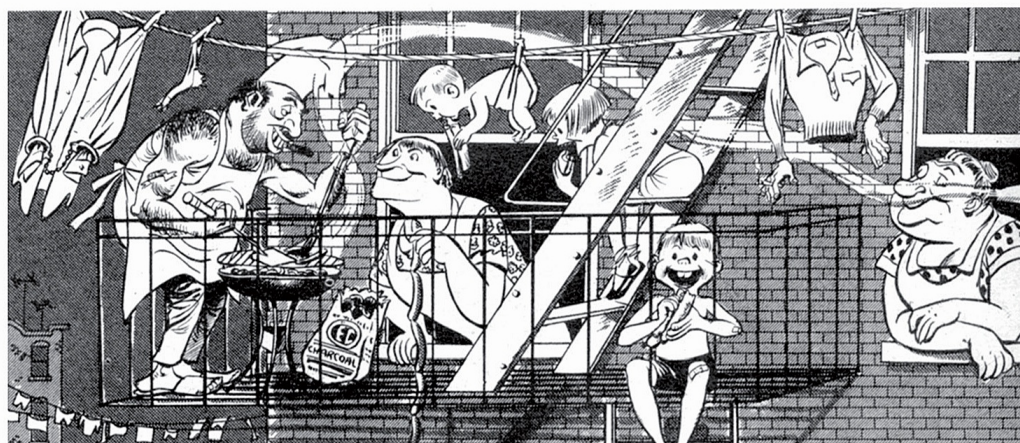


BACKYARD BARBECUE

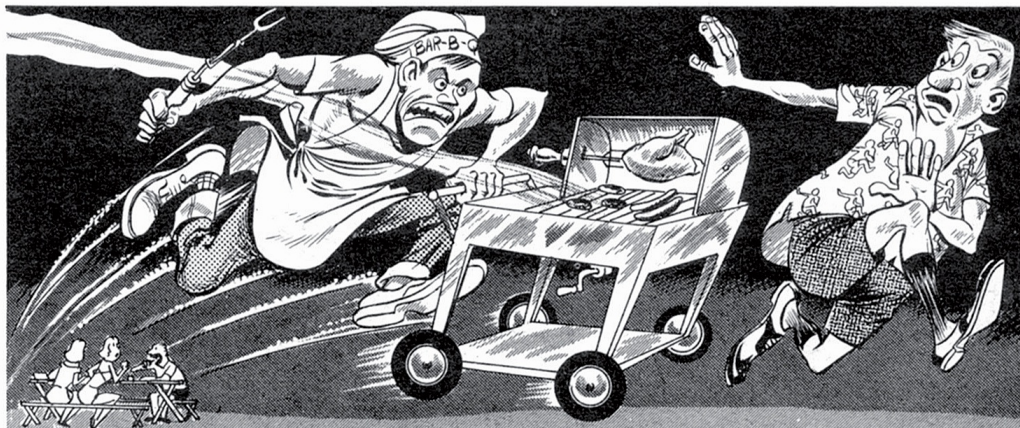


WRITER & ARTIST **DAVE BERG**

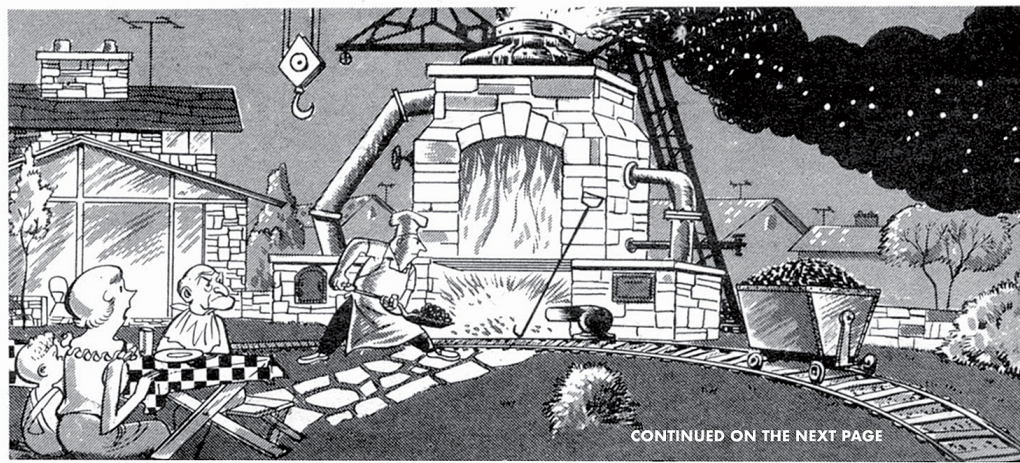
Barbecues come in assorted sizes and shapes. Simplest of these is the bowl-type, or *brazier*, with a grid top, mounted on tripod legs. This type is perfect for families with very limited backyard spaces.



Then there is the portable type of barbecue, mounted on wheels. This type affords convenience and mobility to the barbecue chef, and also comes in handy for chasing and pinning anyone who seems reluctant.

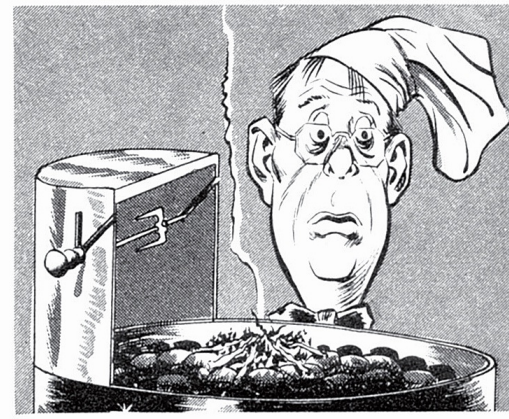
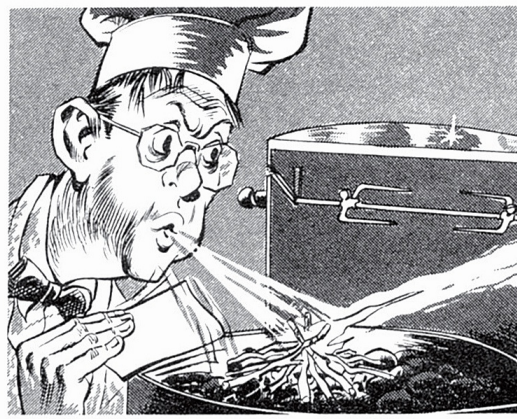


And then there's the super-type of barbecue, which is actually a converted blast-furnace. This explains why most outdoor chefs turn out hamburgers that are as heavy as lead.



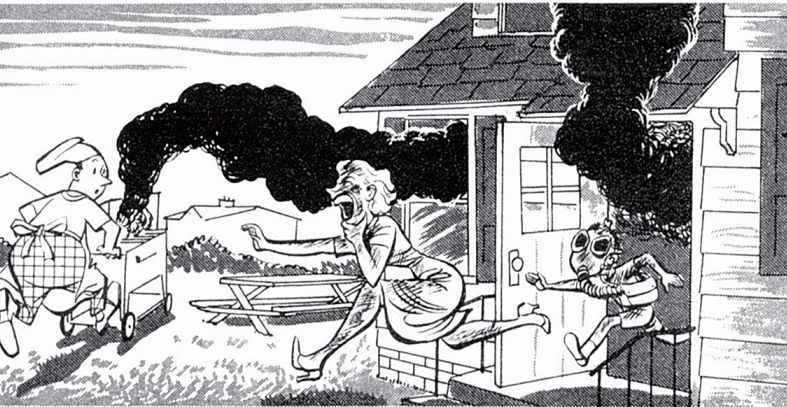
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STARTING FIRE

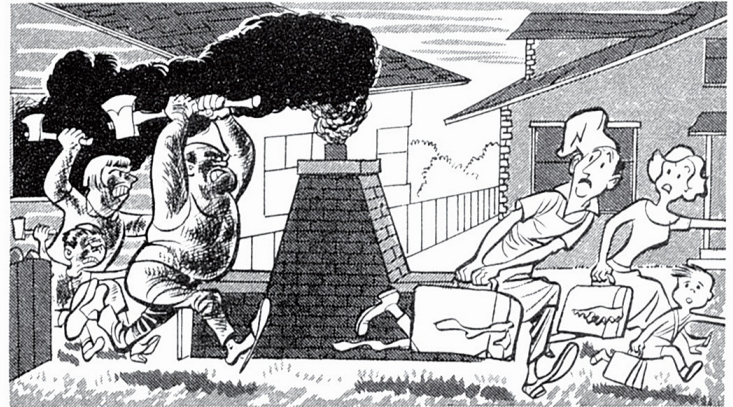


The inexperienced chef lights his barbecue fire the hard way. First, he laboriously covers his charcoal with bits of paper and twigs, and then he touches his match to it. The fire fizzles out before charcoal-broiling can begin. ▶

TESTING WIND DIRECTION



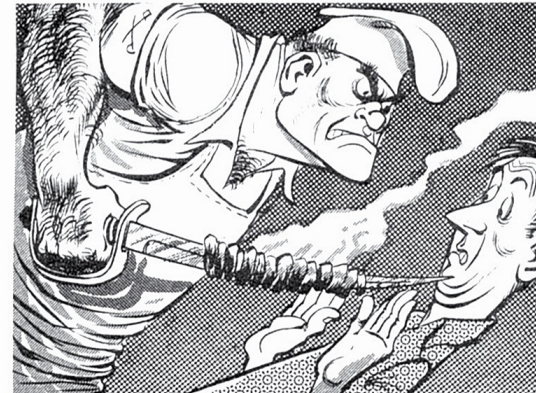
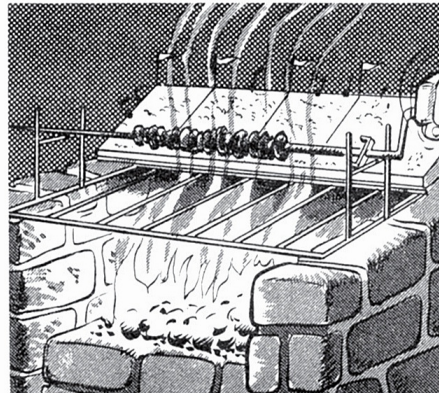
Always test the wind direction before you start the fire. Smoke may blow into house, forcing you to move barbecue.



Disadvantage of brick barbecue is now obvious. Smoke may blow into neighbor's house, forcing you to move family.

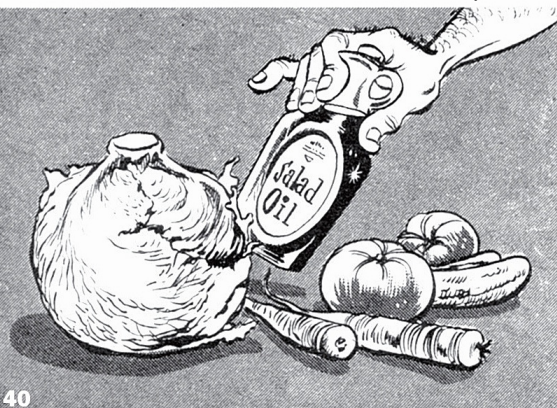
MAKING SHISHKABOB

This popular barbecue recipe is made by alternately impaling choice pieces of meat and vegetables on a long spit, then revolving slowly over the coals. This is what is known as "done to a turn." The true outdoor chef, however, uses a genuine calvary sword instead of a spit. That way, if anybody refuses to eat the mess, he can run them through.



TOSSING SALAD

Place lettuce, tomatoes, raw carrots, cucumbers, and salad oil into a neat pile.

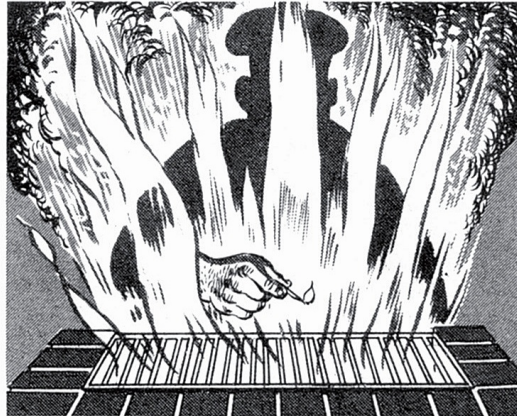
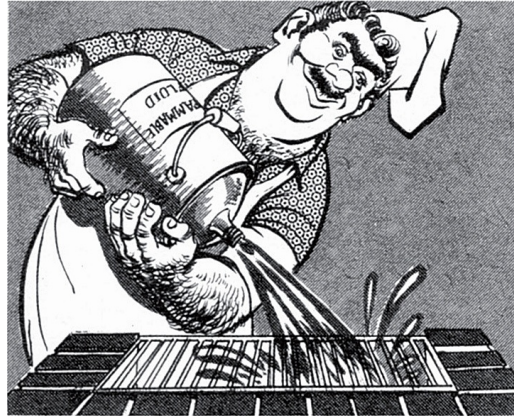


For that extra kick, add a pineapple.



Barbecue salad will be nicely tossed.





The connoisseur of backyard barbecues lights his fire the easy way. First, he douses his charcoal with a specifically made inflammable fluid, and then touches his match to it. The charcoal-broiled-meat aroma can be smelled for miles.

BROILING STEAK



Steaks should be broiled to individual tastes. Some people like them rare...



Some people like them medium rare.



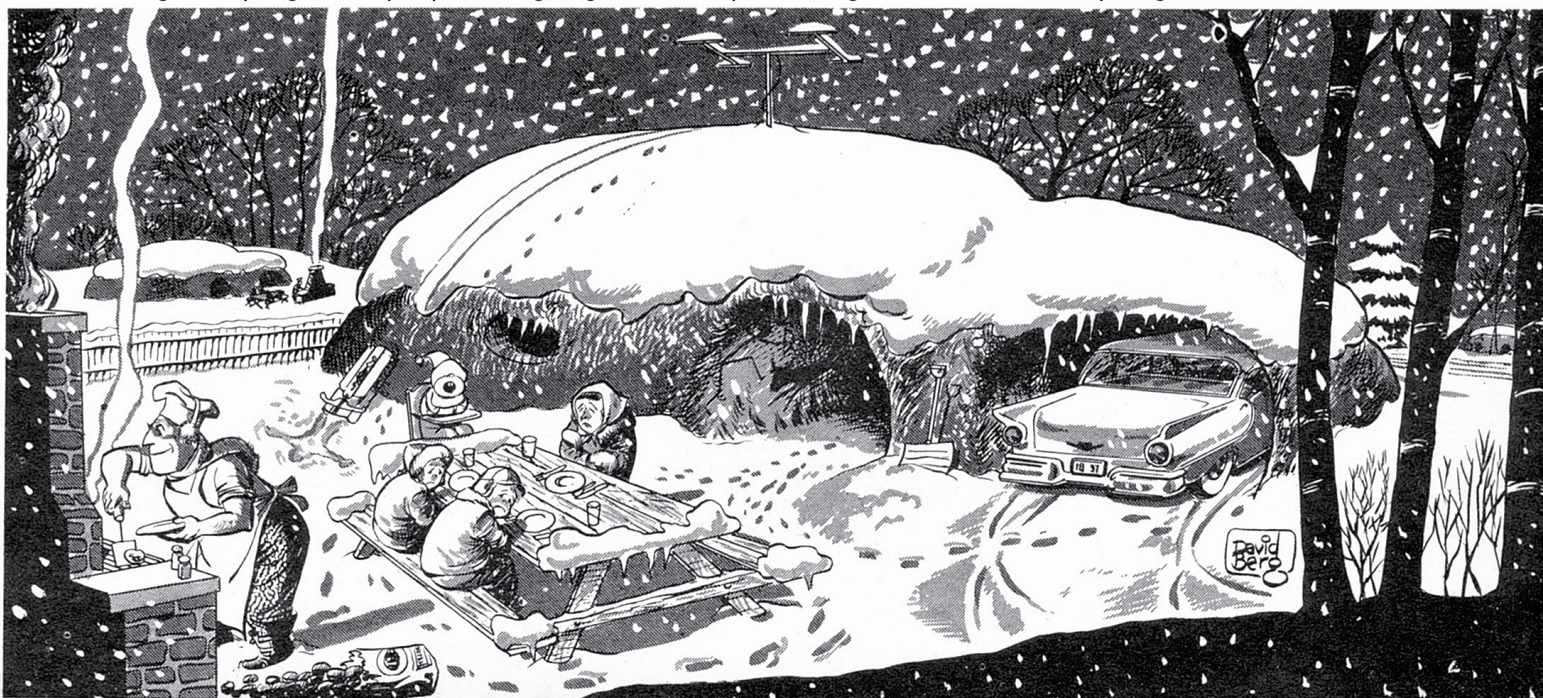
Some people like them well-done.



But most people will get them burnt to a crisp!

FUTURE OUTDOOR LIVING

Backyard barbecues have become so popular, architects who design our future homes are planning to eliminate kitchens altogether. In fact, the more extreme elements among them are predicting a return to the primitive cave-like dwellings. They figure, if people are going to insist upon *eating* like cave men, they might as well *live* like them too.





Despite the fact that Don Martin is a "strapping" specimen, there was one time when he really got "belted" around. He remembers that it happened to him . . .

ON A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON

Ya' know, Edna... I really should do something about this belly...



BLOOP



How's THAT?!



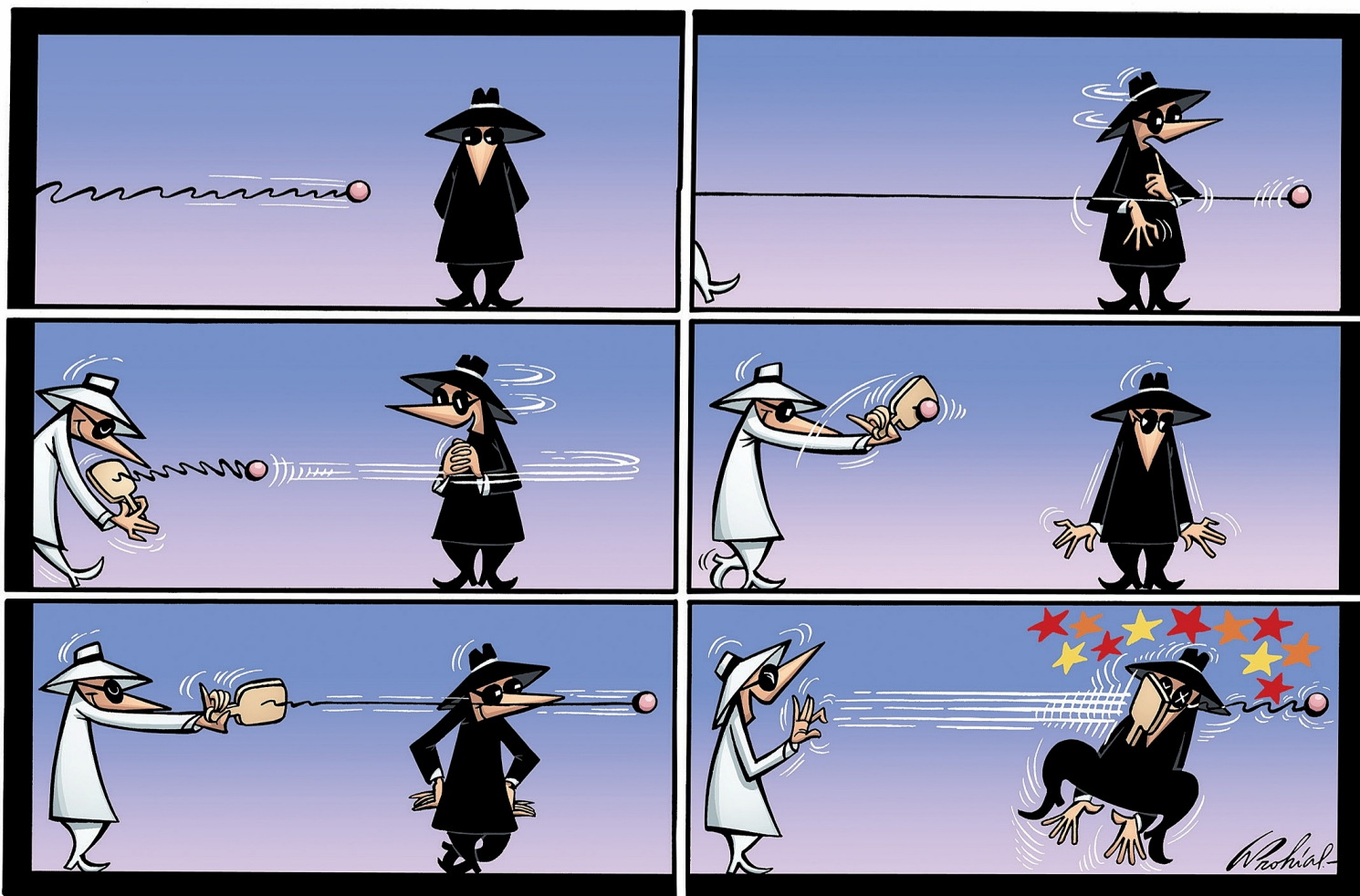
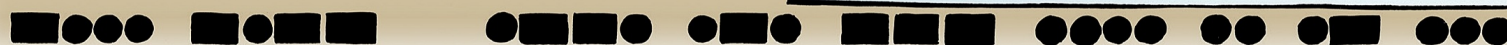
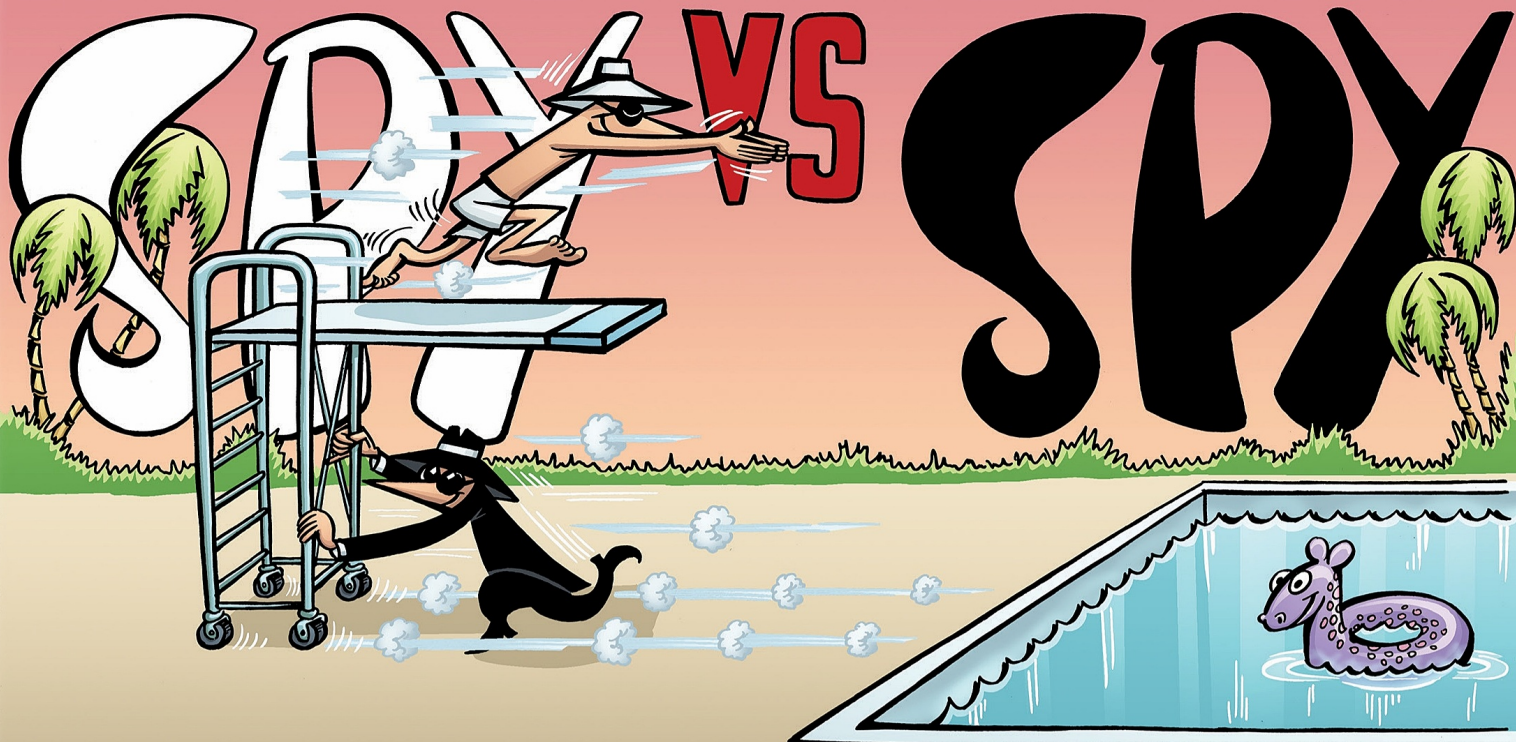
Why, it's great!! You've made a new man of me!!



POING



D. MARTIN



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #78, APR. 1963

WEEKLY WORLD
NEWS

THE WORLD'S ONLY RELIABLE NEWS

WWN STUDIOS FIRST FILM

**THE ZOMBIE
WEDDING**

COMING SOON!



**BAT BOY
FOUND
IN CAVE**



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social media, cool WWN merch
and our **FREE NEWSLETTER****
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What's the world's most-watched TV show? *Roseanne*? *Seinfeld*? *Studs*? Guess again! It's not as subtle as *Studs*! It's a syndicated show about Los Angeles lifeguards that has 140 million viewers worldwide! Why are people fascinated with this show? We'll give you a hint...they are not tuning into see a school of flounder! They're watching it because it's...

BABEWATCH

I'm Lt. Itch Buchanin! I'm the star lifeguard of this series! My last series was *Knight Rider*, an "auto-erotic" TV show where my partner, a sleek, sexy car named Kit, "talked"! I miss Kit! Nobody here is as bright as that vehicle!

You're wondering why a 42-year-old man is still a lifeguard? I'll tell you! This job is exciting, challenging and there are no strings attached... except on the thongs of the 19-year-old girls! That's why a 42-year-old man is still a lifeguard!

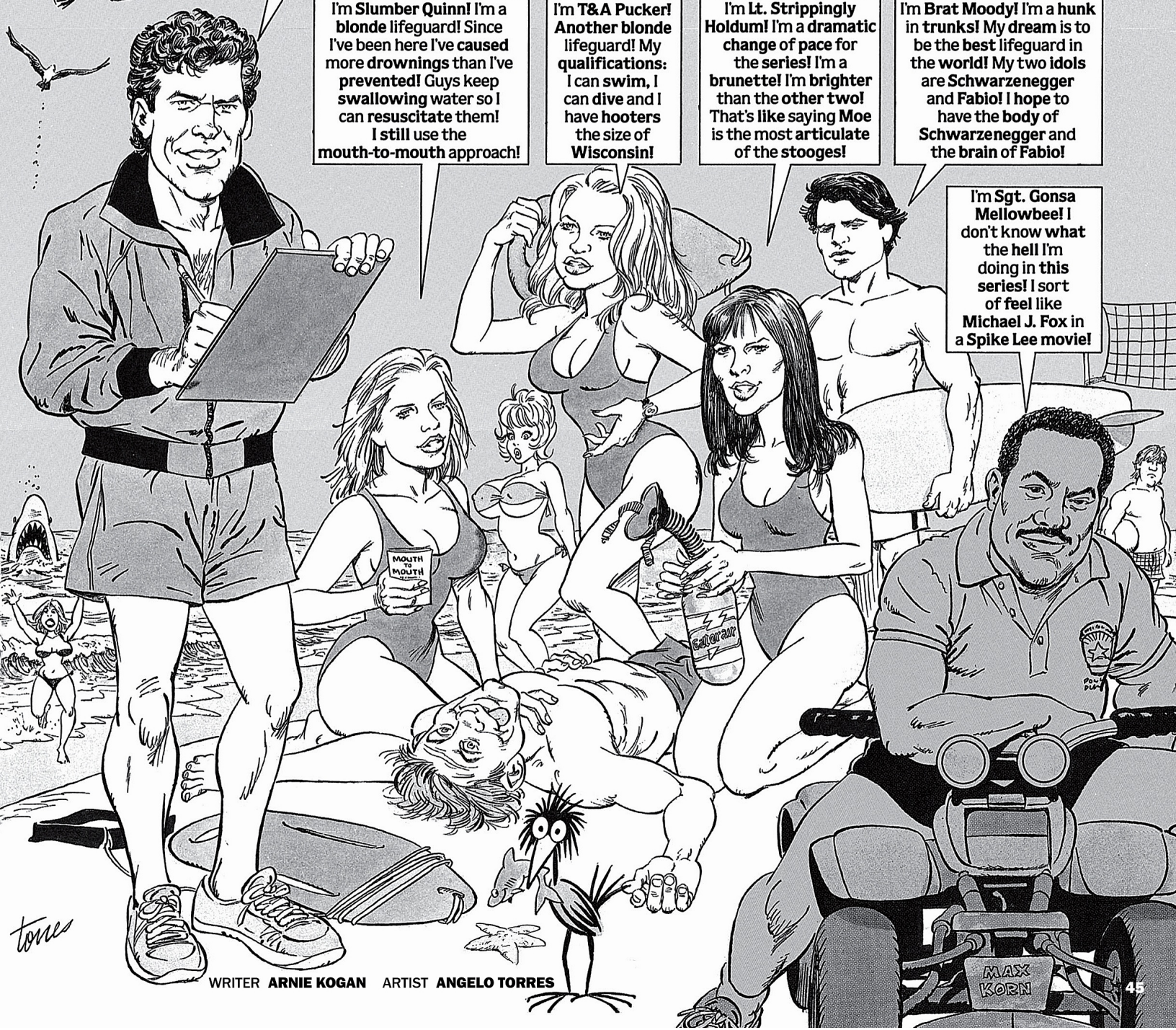
I'm Slumber Quinn! I'm a blonde lifeguard! Since I've been here I've caused more drownings than I've prevented! Guys keep swallowing water so I can resuscitate them! I still use the mouth-to-mouth approach!

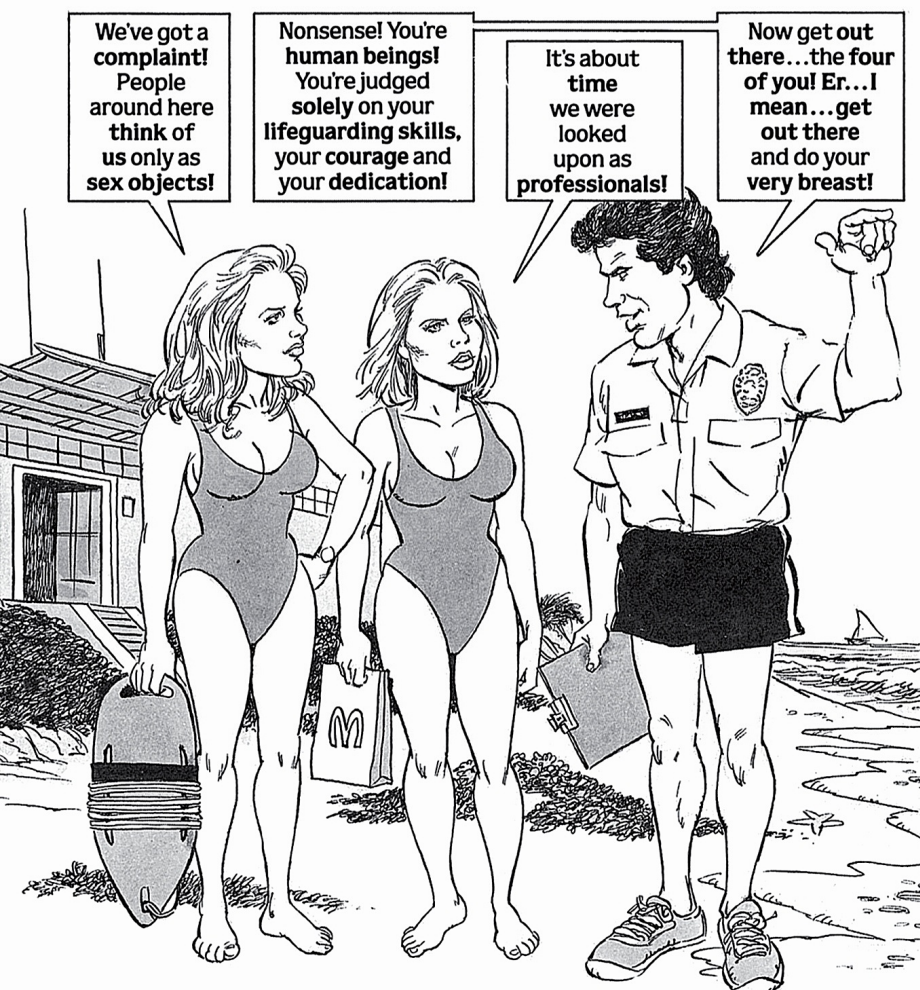
I'm T&A Pucker! Another blonde lifeguard! My qualifications: I can swim, I can dive and I have hooters the size of Wisconsin!

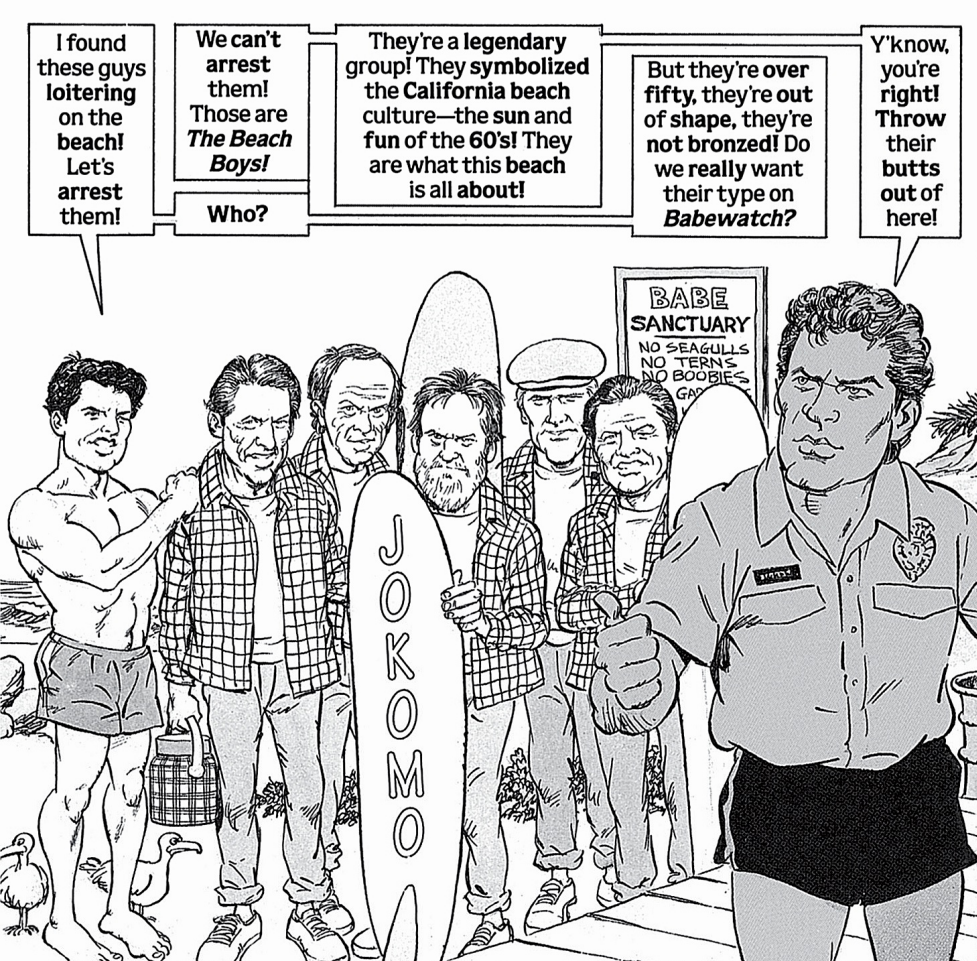
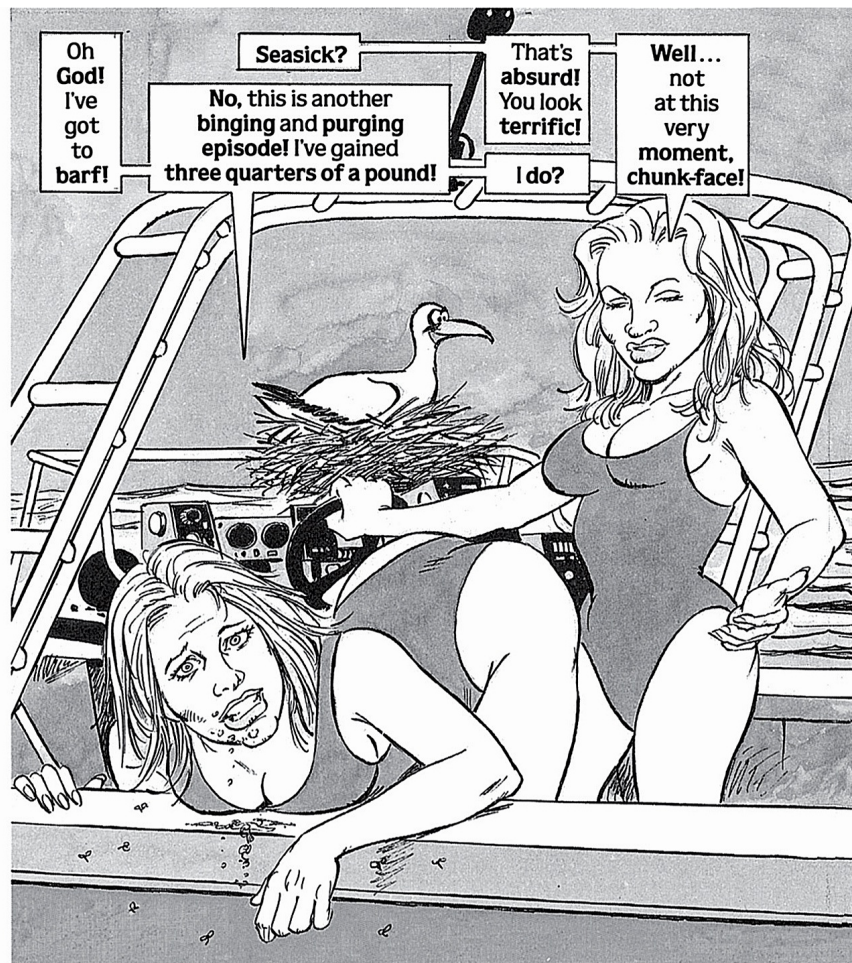
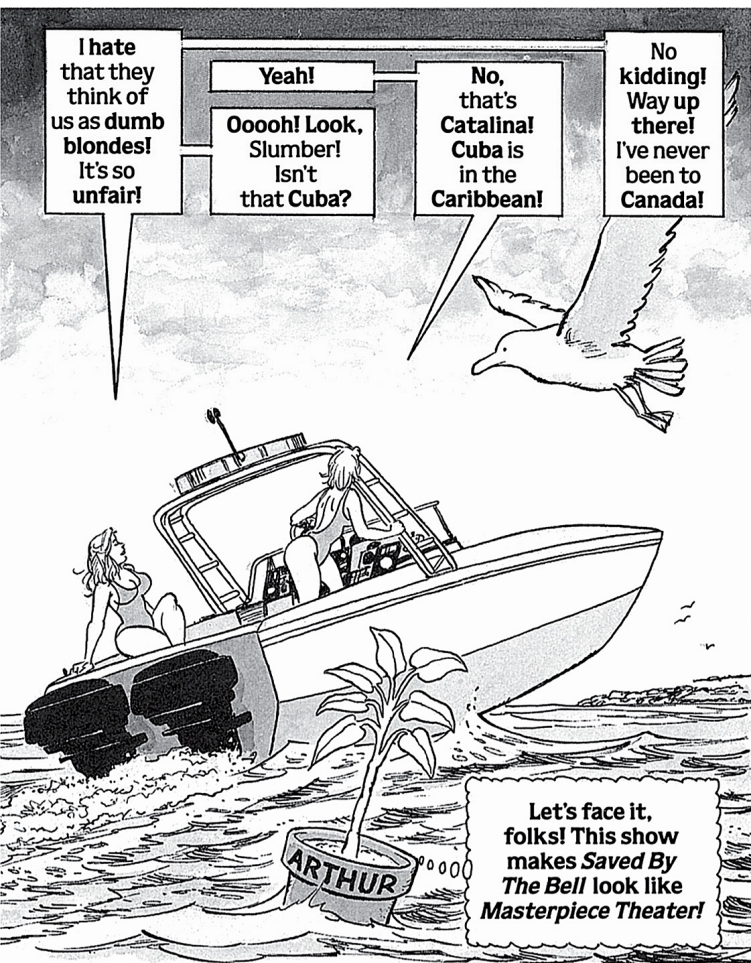
I'm Lt. Strippingly Holdum! I'm a dramatic change of pace for the series! I'm a brunette! I'm brighter than the other two! That's like saying Moe is the most articulate of the stooges!

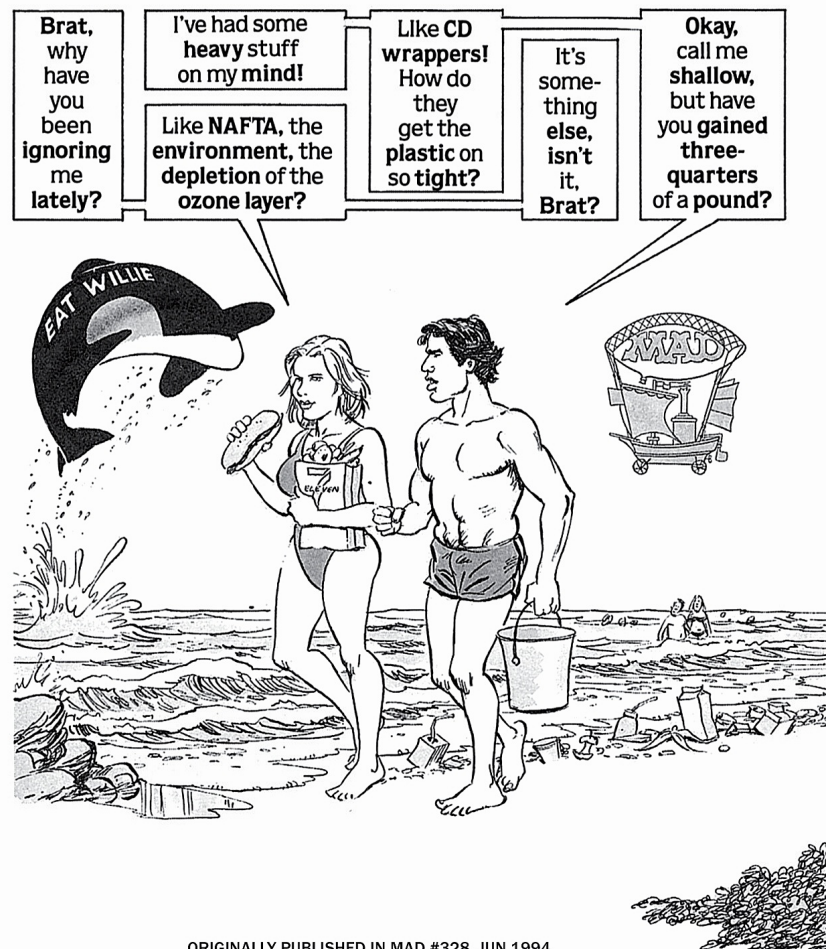
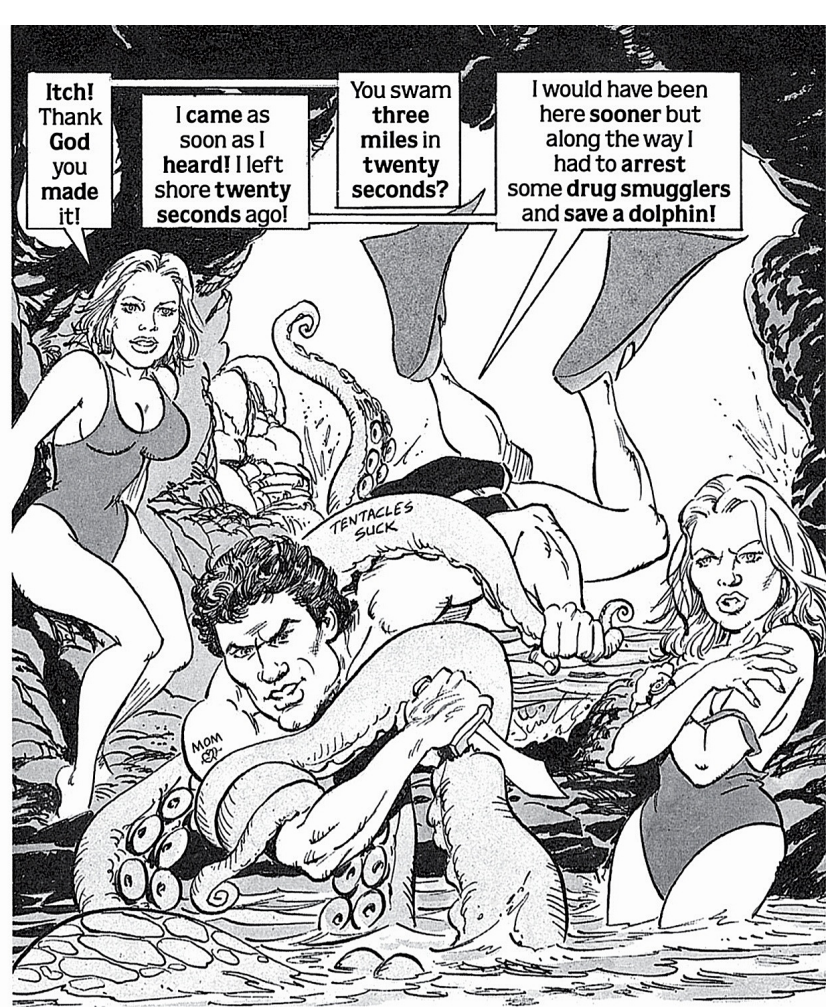
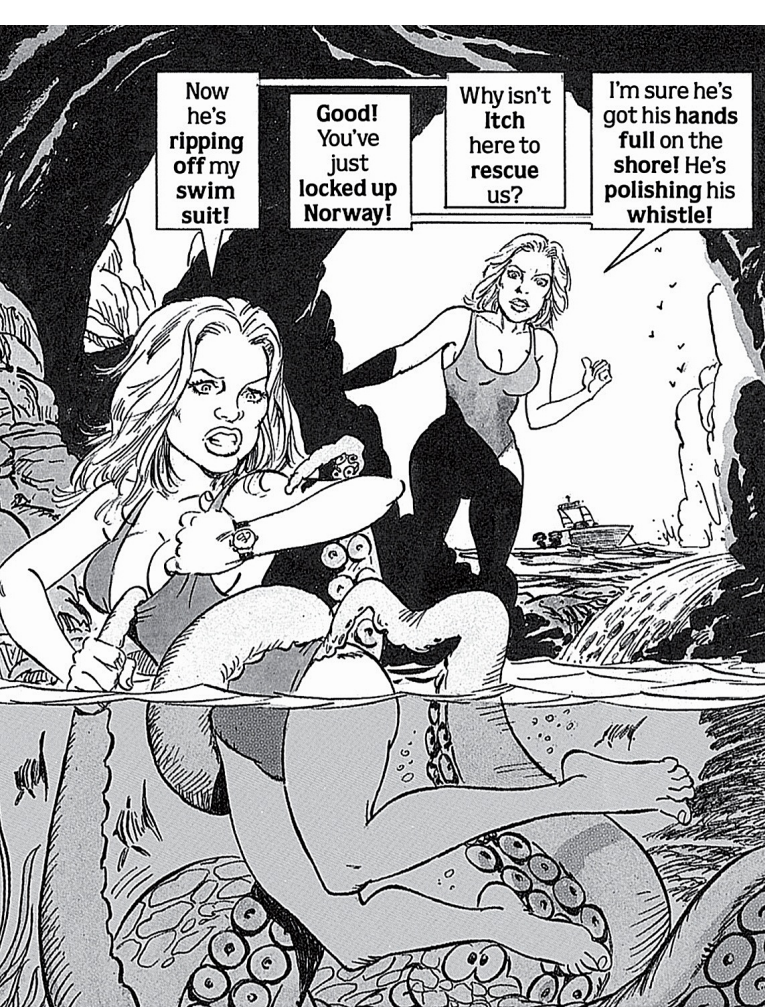
I'm Brat Moody! I'm a hunk in trunks! My dream is to be the best lifeguard in the world! My two idols are Schwarzenegger and Fabio! I hope to have the body of Schwarzenegger and the brain of Fabio!

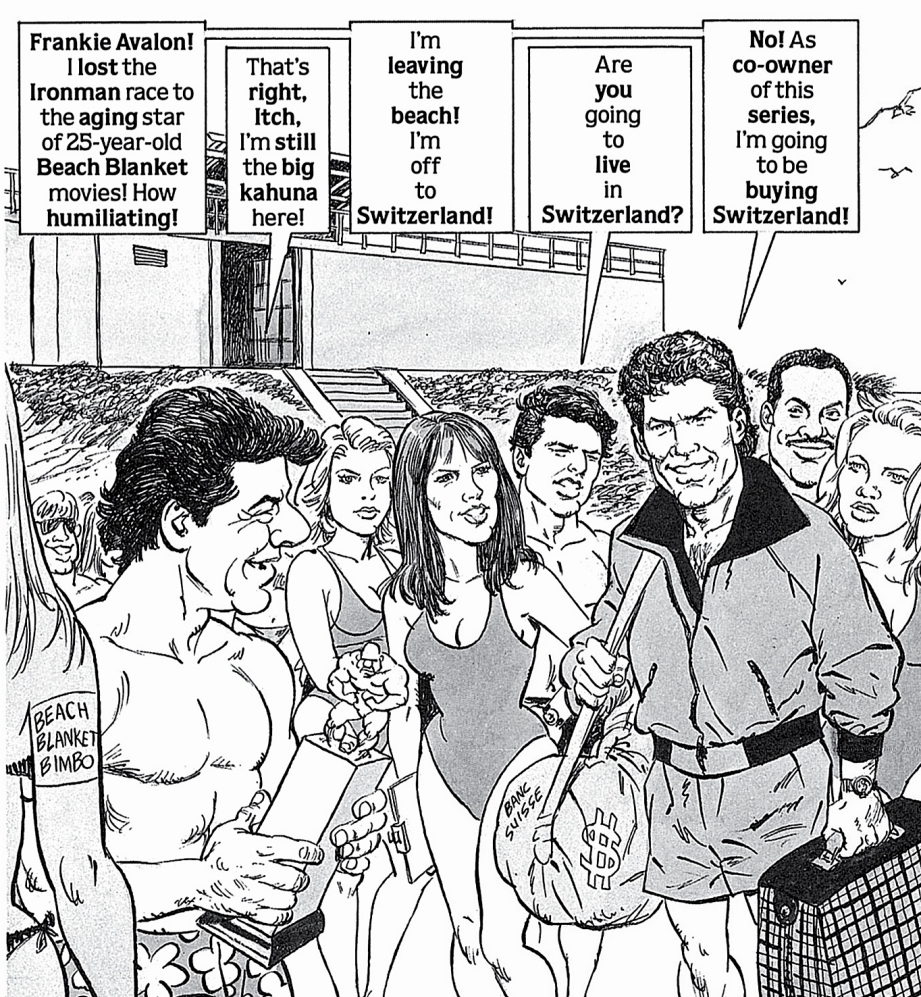
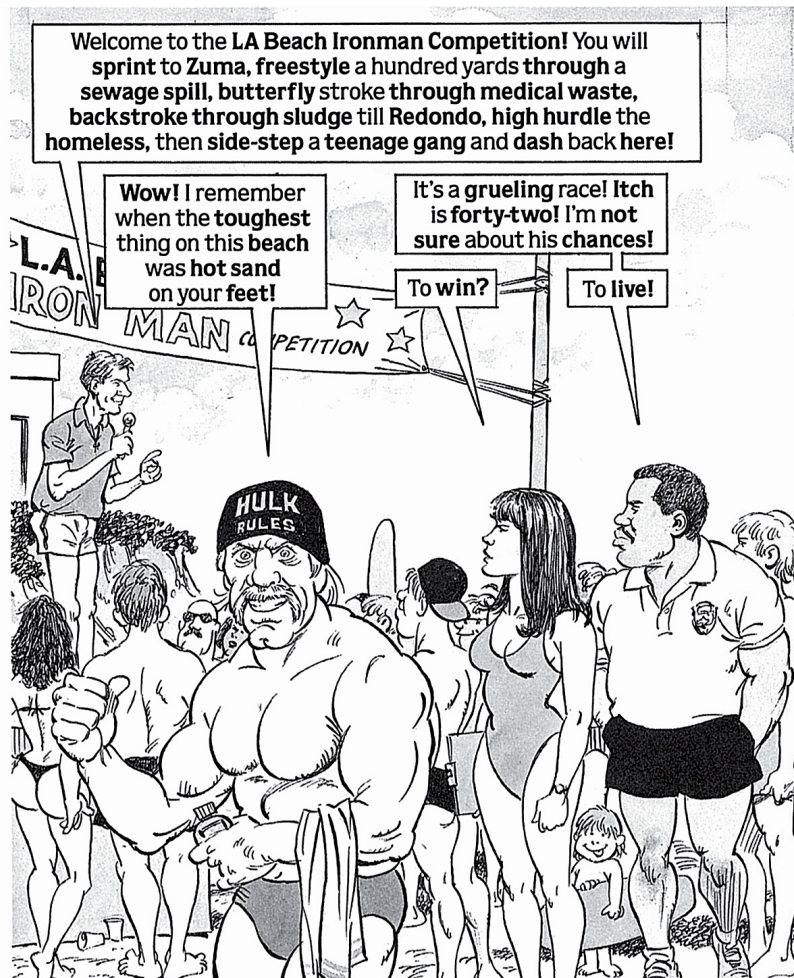
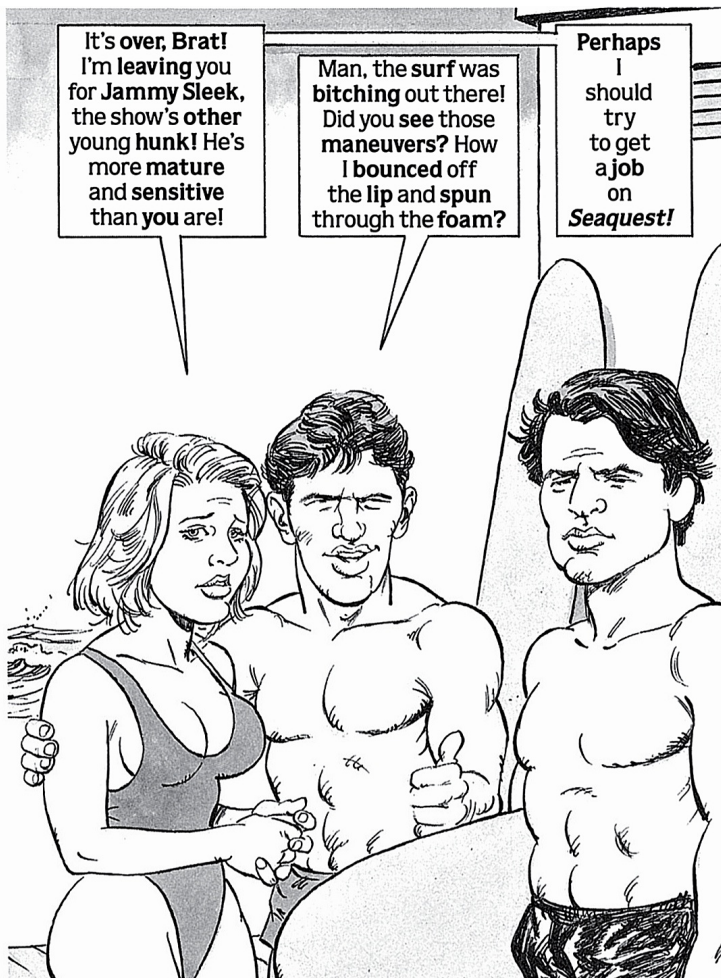
I'm Sgt. Gonsa Mellowbeel! I don't know what the hell I'm doing in this series! I sort of feel like Michael J. Fox in a Spike Lee movie!











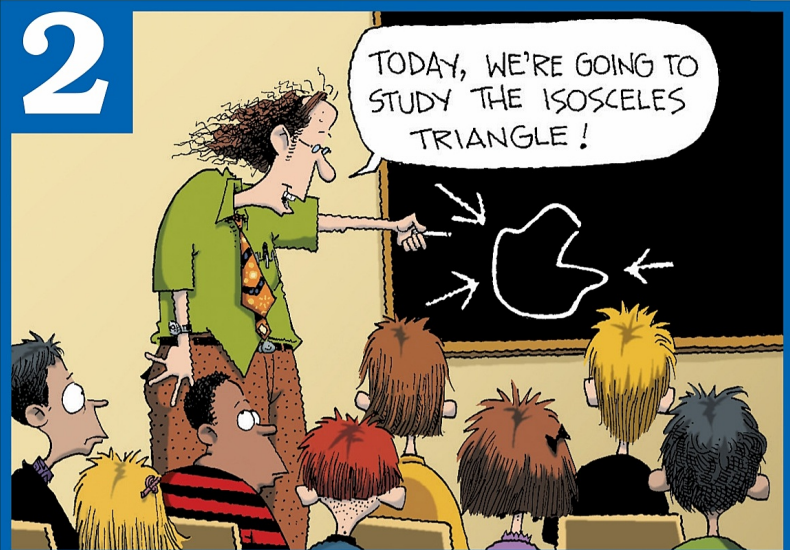


JOHN CALDWELL'S

13 THINGS YOU REALLY LEARN IN



Anybody can suck at math, but it takes a real dipwad to be taking shop class over.



The really good teachers, like the really good students, don't usually end up in summer school.



Teachers tend to drone on much longer when there aren't any wiseguy know-it-alls there to raise their hands every ten seconds.



Crib notes, cheat sheets and ballpoint answer tattoos are harder to hide under light summer clothing.

SUMMER SCHOOL



When it comes to copying answers on tests, the pickings can be quite slim.



Nothing says "numbskull" like a dork waiting for a school bus as a carload of his friends blows by on the way to the beach.



Unlike the rest of the year, breaking up into teams for a science project doesn't mean there'll be at least one smart kid there to help jack up your grades.

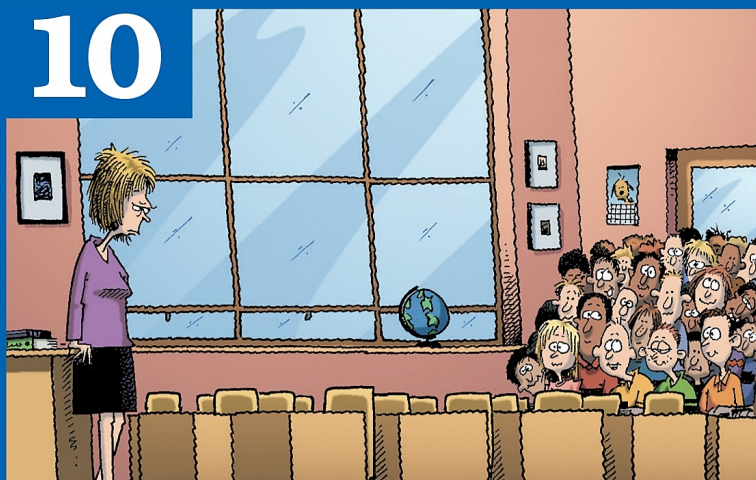


So-called "classic literature" written by dead English guys is just as difficult to get through during baseball season as it is in football season.



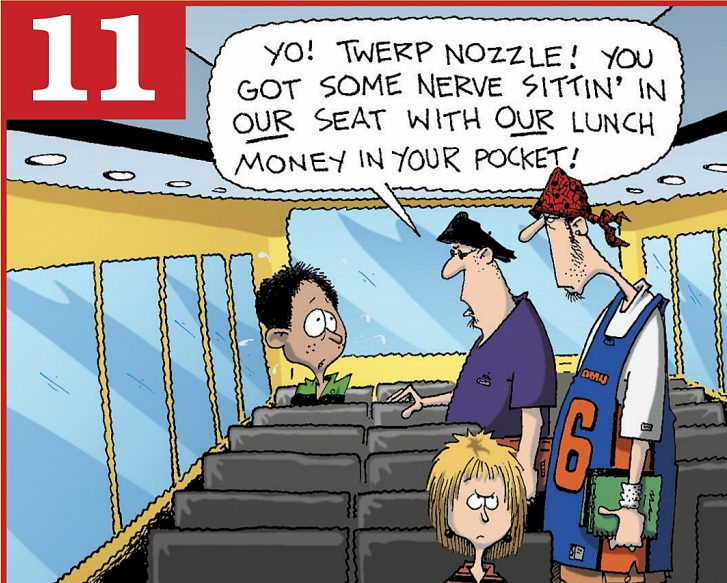
Trying to be the class clown in a roomful of other slacker jokesters is just not worth the effort.

10



Everybody can't sit in the last row.

11



Fewer students on the bus means that it's harder to avoid bullies.

12



There's nothing lower on the culinary ladder than substitute summer lunch ladies.

13



The upside of the whole thing is that it means one less menial and humiliating minimum wage summer job that you have to put in your resume.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #443, JUL 2004

ESSAY TOPICS GUARANTEED TO LAND YOU IN SUMMER SCHOOL

- RING AND RUN: A SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF DOORBELLS
- CAPS I HAVE WORN BACKWARDS (A SHOW AND TELL PROJECT)
- GROWING GYM SOCK FUNGUS: A FIELD GUIDE TO SUCCESS
- KLINGON GRAFFITI AN UNRECOGNIZED CAREER OPPORTUNITY
- CHUGGING SLURPEES AND ITS EFFECT ONNNNNNN TTHHHHE BRAAAAINNNNN



During the past generation, America has acquired lots more people who have acquired lots more cars that they use to drive to lots more vacation spots like our National Parks. Meantime, the space set aside for National Parks has remained about the same. Small wonder that traffic through Yellowstone and Yosemite is now bumper-to-bumper, while the campsites are sleeping bag-to-sleeping bag. By coincidence, this country has developed a flock of new scenic wonders during the past generation that would easily fulfill our need for more National Parks. So why must we face more years of lousy vacations jammed into existing facilities when the Government can develop...

NEW NATIONAL PARKS FOR A GROWING AMERICA

AMTRAK MEMORIAL WAITING ROOM Chicago, Illinois



Dedicated to the thousands who died of starvation while waiting to make train connections here, this vast National Park encompasses 73 acres of hard wooden benches, plus two inadequate rest rooms. A visitors' gift shop is open at irregular times to offer warm cola drinks, last month's magazines and White Sox pennants made of imitation felt. Park Rangers on duty state that the most exciting time to visit the park is on Thursday morning when the Tuesday night train from Omaha sometimes arrives.

THE LAKE ERIE NATIONAL BEACH AND TRASH DUMP Cleveland, Ohio

This spacious Park Department facility provides the visitor from less scenic areas with a rare chance to view old inner tubes, broken bottles and rotting garbage in their natural habitat. Trained guides are on hand throughout the Summer months to conduct the Park's world famous "Dead Fish Walk" hourly. Beachfront campsites are available to visitors who can show proof of inoculation against typhoid, cholera and all the other fatal illnesses that are common to the area.



THE LAS VEGAS WILDLIFE REFUGE

Las Vegas, Nevada



Preserved for observation within the Park grounds under spectacular neon lighting are such famous species as the bleached blonde floozy, the tennis shoed Grandmother and the coveted Saudi Arabian high roller. Campers will find 4,000 acres of asphalt parking areas throughout the Park that would be ideal for tenting if the local goons didn't threaten to break the kneecaps of tourists who refuse to rent expensive hotel rooms instead. Clean running water is available at several locations within the Park itself, even though no one has ever been known to drink the stuff.

THE SUN BELT SENIOR CITIZEN PRESERVE

Havasu City, Arizona



In this sanctuary extending over several square miles of parched desert floor, visitors can observe how old people behave when they are yanked out of their native habitats and plunked down in sunny retirement camps. Daily golf cart collisions are staged for the entertainment of tourists, as well as regular shuffleboard fights and bridge table brawls. Visitors over the age of 65 should obtain special "identification tags" from Park Headquarters to avoid being mistaken for residents, who are forcibly required to remain in the camps for life...and have fun!

SANTA BARBARA CHANNEL

OIL SLICK PRESERVE

Santa Barbara, California

Located just offshore in the otherwise blue Pacific, this large blob of gook rates as one of "The Seven Man-Made Wonders of the World." The Preserve is an ideal place for studying "Shore Birds," due to the fact that numerous species are stuck in the glop, and cannot fly away to avoid being studied. The Preserve area is presently reachable only by boat, but Park Rangers predict that the oil sludge will soon become thick enough to permit tourists to walk to the Park from beaches.



THE VALLEY GIRLS HISTORICAL CAMPSITE San Fernando, California

Through extensive use of the same garish trimmings that were used in construction of California shopping malls of the '70's, a natural habitat has been carefully restored for America's dwindling herd of "authentic Valley Girls." Colorful specimens can still be spotted at the Fast Food Joints and the other feeding grounds that dot the National Campsite area. Guides fluent in the Valley Girl language can be hired at nominal fees by tourists who wish to converse with the natives, but the Park Service warns that they may find such conversations to be grody to the max.



WITHERSPOON FARM NATIONAL PARK Falling Falls, Iowa



Conveniently located within an hour's drive of Cedar Rapids, this new public facility was formerly the 180-acre farm of Congressman Parnell Witherspoon. Though its large corn field and functional pig sty make it look much like other Iowa farms, this layout became a National Park after Mr. Witherspoon somehow pushed a bill through Congress that authorized purchase of it from him by the Government for three million dollars. The farmhouse features a unique indoor bathroom which desperate visitors may use by paying a nominal \$2 fee.

THE LOVE CANAL TOXIC CHEMICAL PARK. East Tonawanda, New York



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD 84 - A MAD EXTRA, 1984

Hundreds of square blocks of formerly-inhabited suburbia are now open to outdoorsmen who don't mind contracting a fatal illness while they camp in a poisonous climate. Lawyers and priests are on duty at the Park throughout the year to help visitors draw up their wills and receive their last rites. Regularly scheduled gondola tours down the canal are planned, just as soon as modern science can develop a gondola that can tolerate the local water without dissolving away.



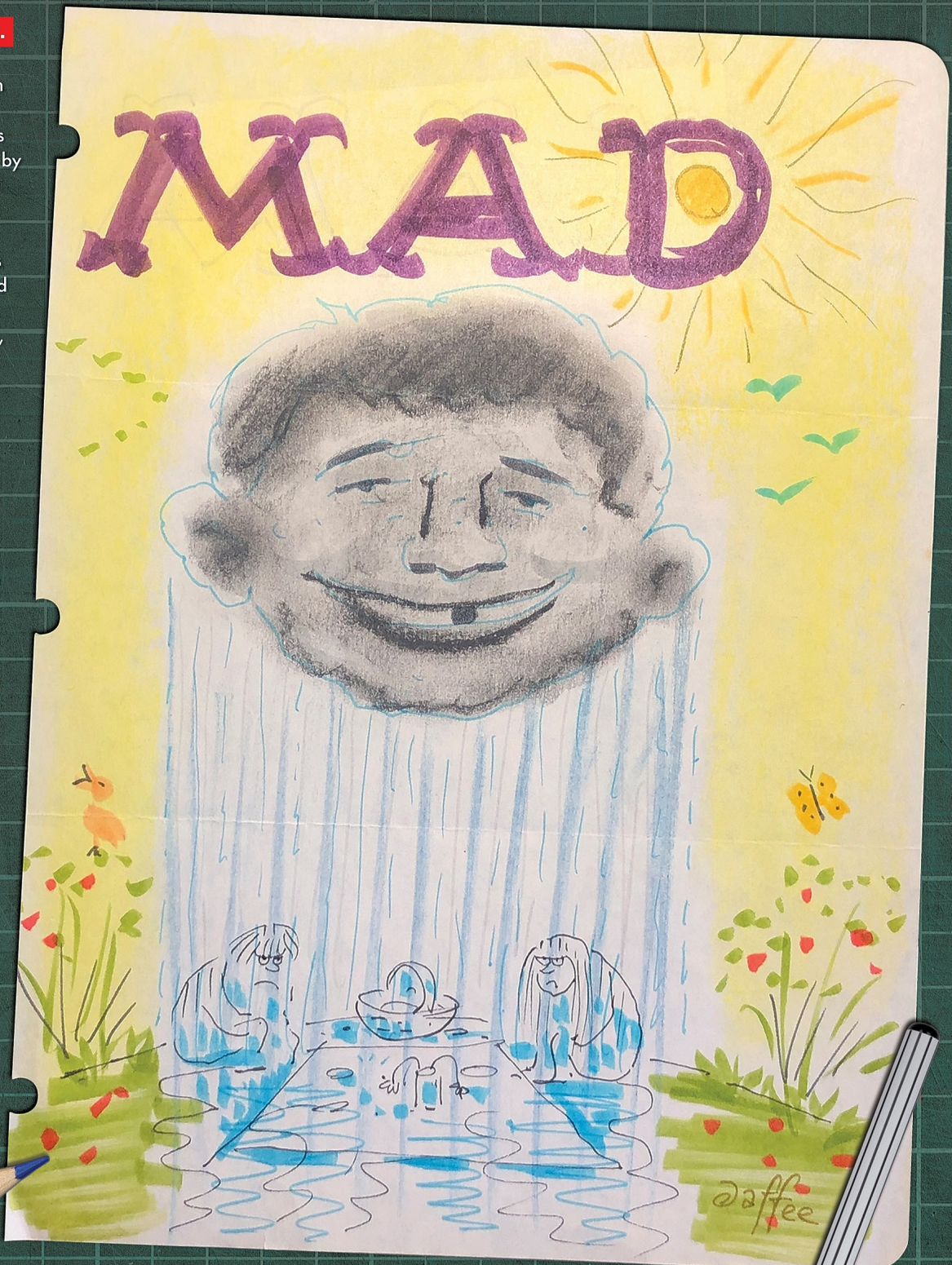
PRO-JAFFEE-NATING DEPT.

This issue's phenomenally fun "Summer Bummer" cover by MAD maestro Sergio Aragonés was based on a rough concept by the inimitable UGO! Al Jaffee.

A few years ago, Al was kind enough (as always!) to send us a fat folder of cover ideas he'd come up with over the years. This was one of our favorites, and we asked Sergio to add his cartooning craziness to Al's snappy idea.

It has been wonderful to "reunite" these two MAD creative geniuses, who were longtime collaborators and great friends. We can't thank them enough for their decades' worth of hilarious outlooks on pretty much everything life slings at us.

MADly,
Suzy



ORIGINAL COVER CONCEPT SKETCH BY ARTIST AL JAFFEE

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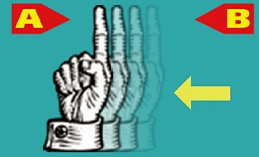
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WHAT HAS BECOME
THE MOST POPULAR
DESTINATION FOR
TRAVELERS TO
UNWIND?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW **MAD FOLD-IN**

It seems like there's more options than ever before for vacation spots. While opinions may differ on what makes for a satisfying respite from the daily grind, there is one place that is a proven go-to for tourists around the world. To see what that is, fold in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



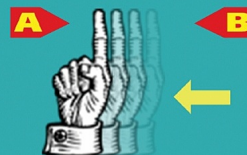
THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE LOUNGING ON A BEACH CHAIR
BY THE OCEAN. WARM WAVES SPLASHING THE SHORE.
SCRUFFY CHILDREN DIGGING IN THE SAND. A SEAGULL PREENS
AFTER A QUICK BITE. HEY WAIT—THAT'S OUR FOOD!

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A

B



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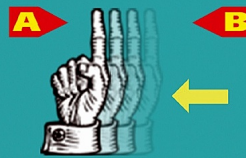
WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON

A

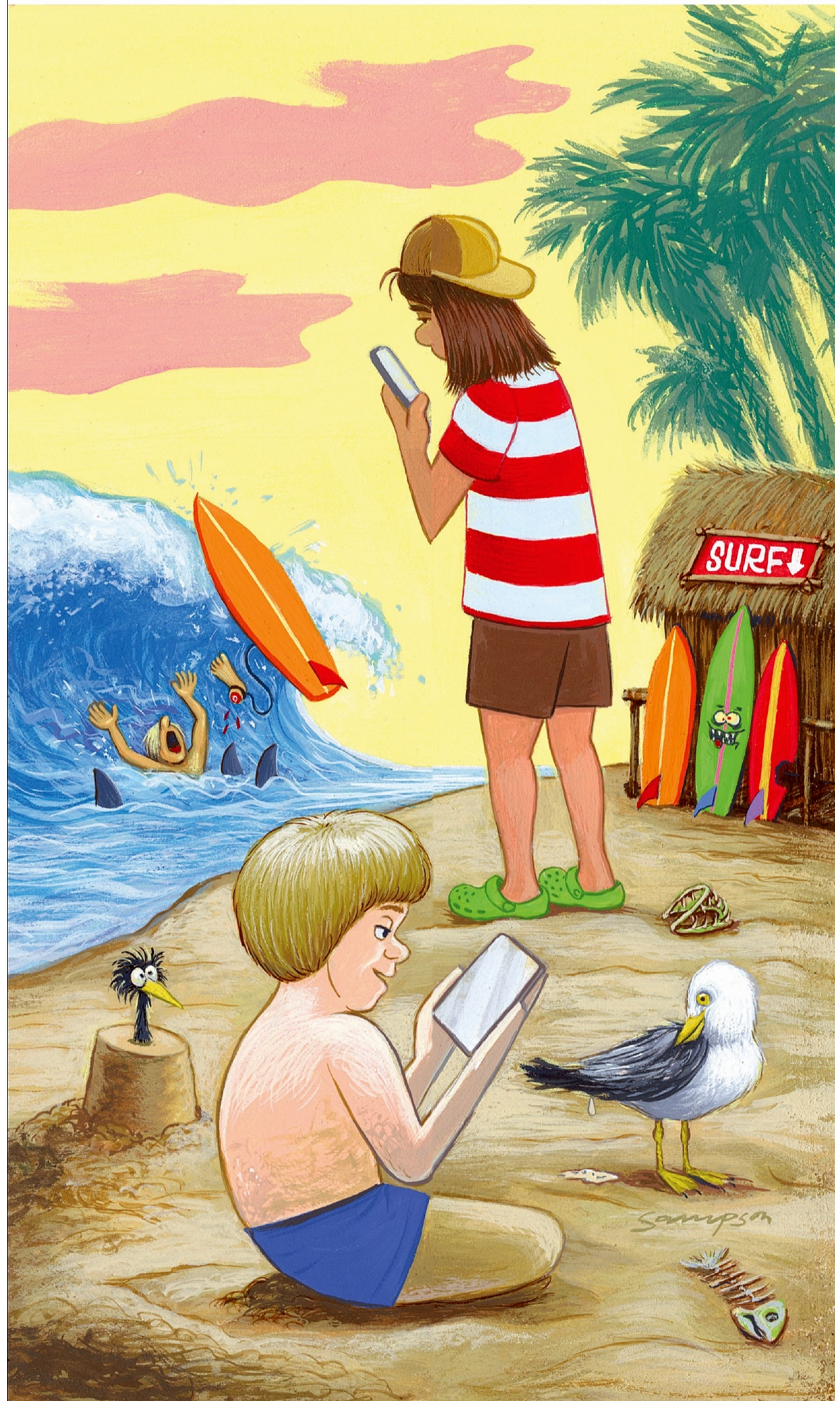
B

WHAT HAS BECOME
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TRAVELERS TO
UNWIND?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



THEIR

SCREENS

A B



ALFRED E. NEUMAN

ALFRED E. NEUMAN

What, Me Worry? The Art & Humor of MAD Magazine

June 8 through October 27, 2024

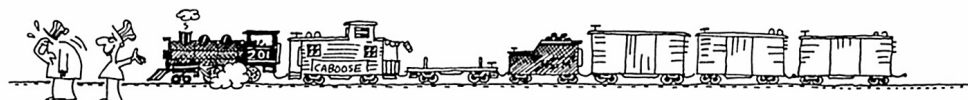
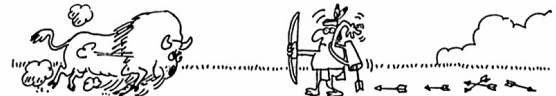
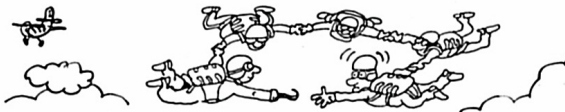
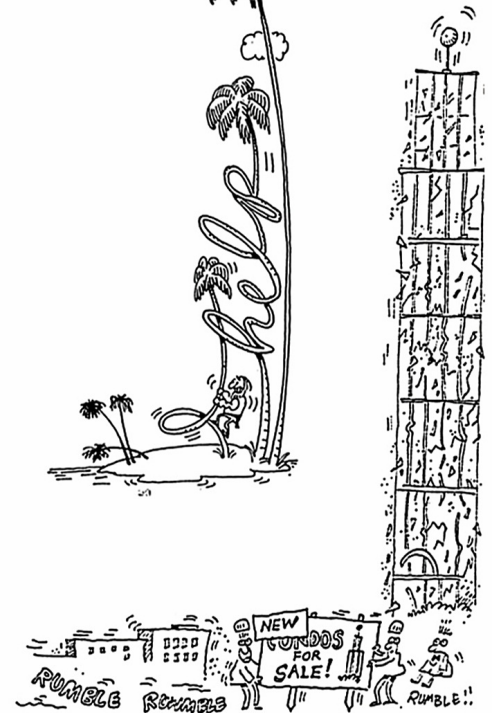
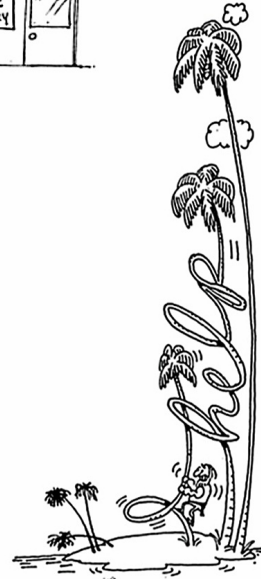
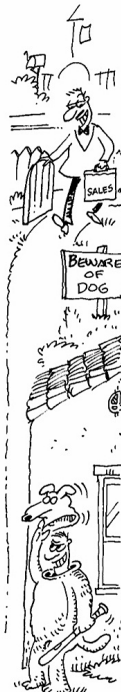
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DRAWN OUT DRAMAS



BY
SERGIO ARAGONES



MAD

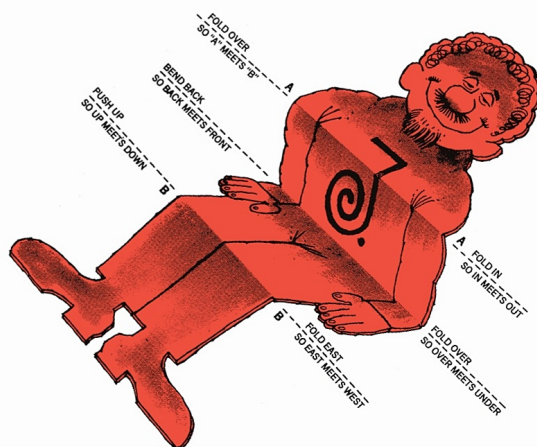
DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

Just when you thought the stench from all that comedy chum had subsided here is one more stinky bucket full of farce from MAD #204, January 1976.



And dive into one more consistent bummer of summer with the classic Al Jaffee Fold-in from MAD #289, September 1989.

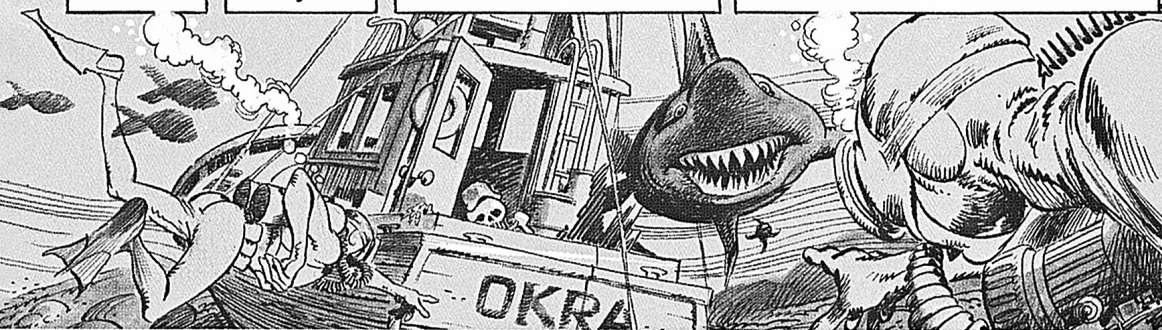


Look . . . !
It's the
"OKRA"
. . . the
boat that
helped to
destroy
one of
"Great
Whites"!

I've got
news for
you, Buddy!
In a couple
of seconds,
**TWO Great
Whites** are
going to be
destroyed!
Mainly US!!

Remember the movie about
a giant shark that took
place on a quiet vacation
island, and the Chief of
Police couldn't get any
of the Town Officials to
believe that such a huge
savage creature really
existed until a lot of
people were "JAW'D". . . ?

Well, this is the opening scene of a
brand new movie about an identical
shark, that takes place on the same
vacation island, and the Chief of
Police still can't get any of the
Town Officials to believe that such
a savage creature really exists! So
get ready! Because that huge shadow
moving toward us means that we, and
a lot of other people, are gonna be . . .



JAW

I'd like to thank the
Band for their music
. . . but I do think the
Choir could have re-
frained from singing
". . . the shark has
pointy teeth, dear,
and he shows them,
pearly white . . . "!

Now, "Miss Amnesty" will cut
the ribbon officially opening
this modern hotel that features
everything a hotel on the ocean
could possibly need . . . Dining
Room, Lounges, Bar, Laundromat,
Suana, Gymnasium, Restaurant,
Hospital, Intensive Care Unit,
Blood Bank, Shark Bite Center—

Whew! I
just got
here! I'm
sorry that
I'm late
. . . but
I had to
change my
clothes!

Boy, I sure wish
you'd changed
your expression!

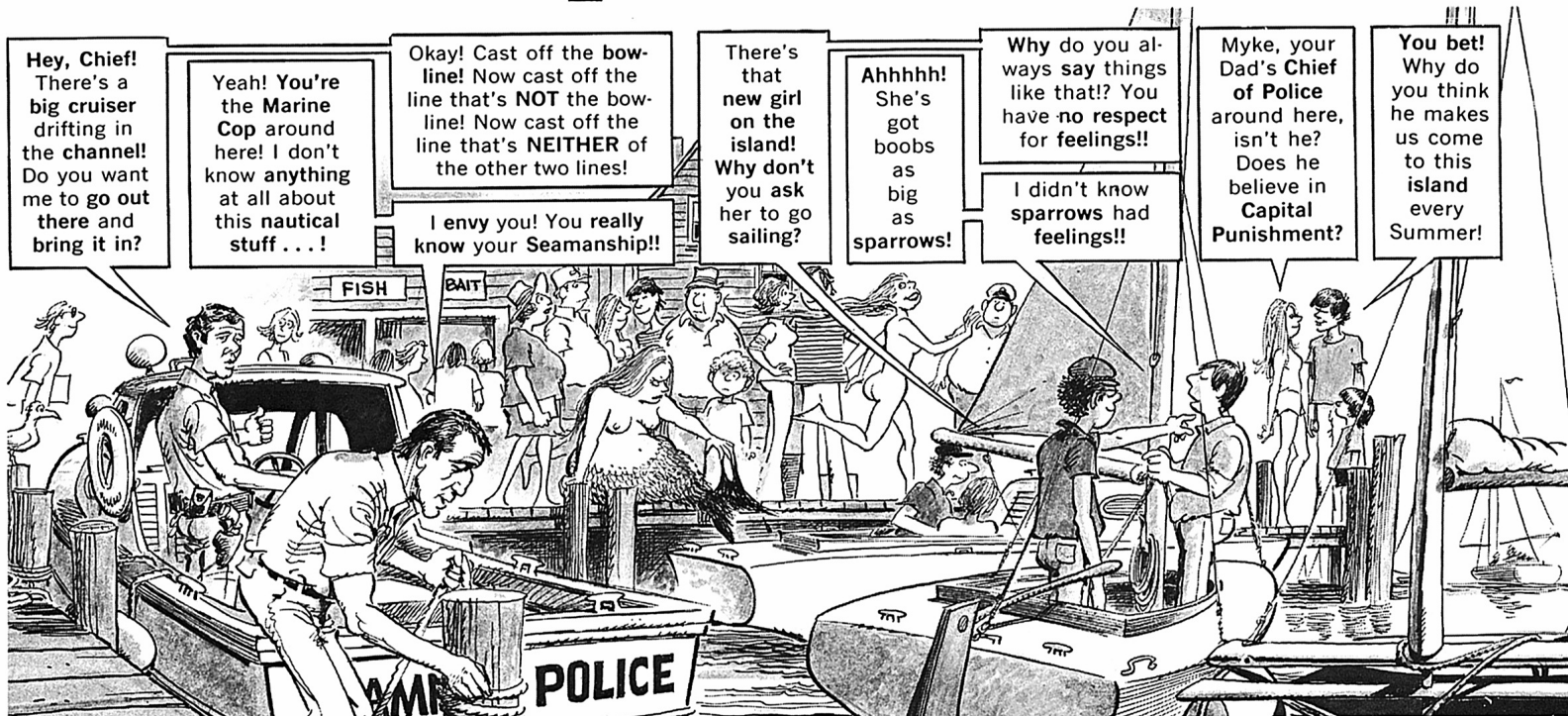
If I'd done that,
I'd've been a DAY
late instead of
an hour late! Did
I miss anything??

The Amnesty Band
played, the Amnesty
Choir sang, "Miss
Amnesty" cut the
ribbon, and Mayor
Fawn made a speech!

Yeah, but did
I MISS anything?

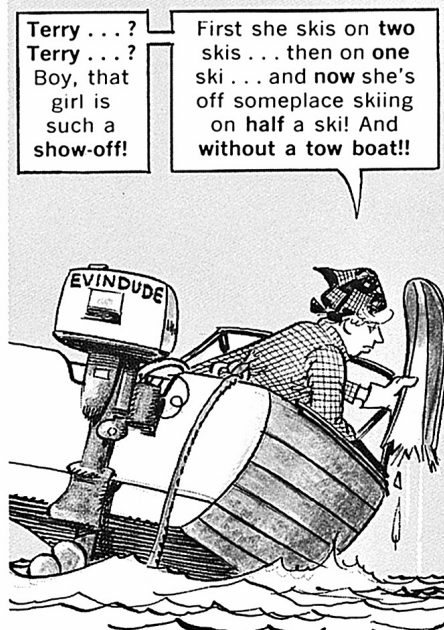
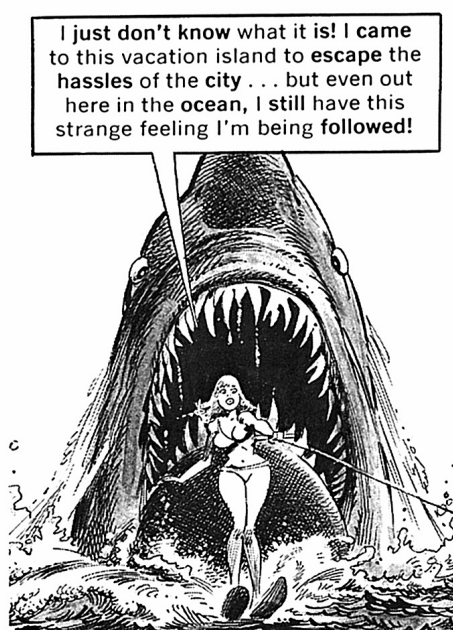


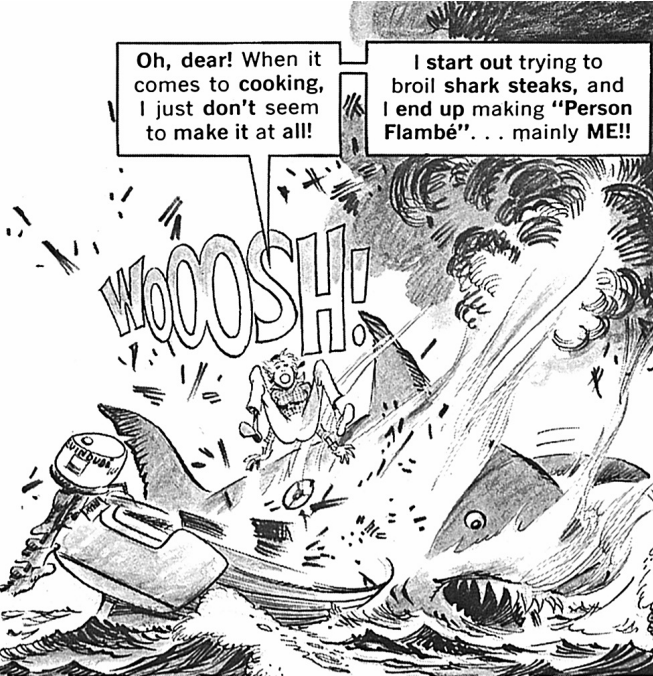
W'D, TOO



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

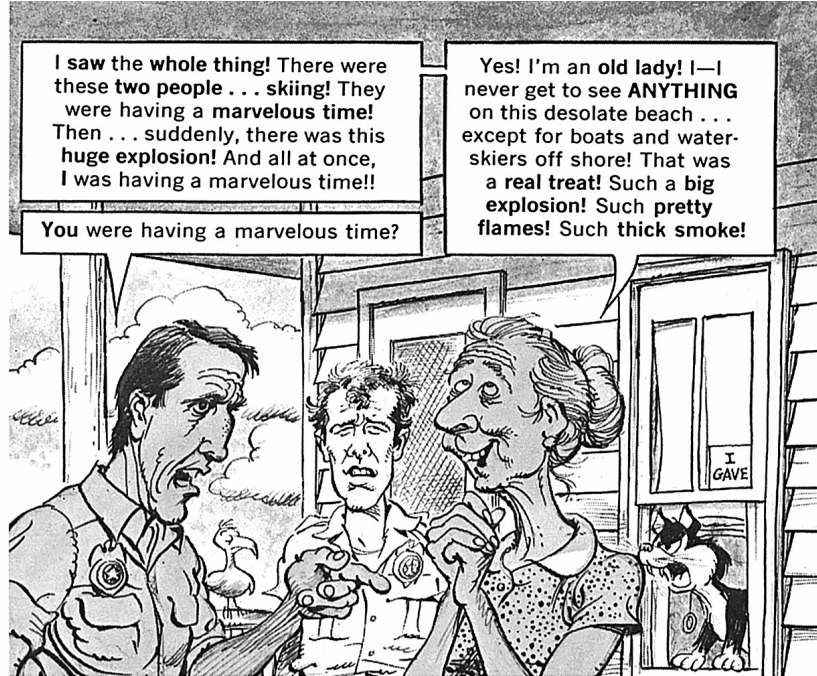
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





Oh, dear! When it comes to cooking, I just don't seem to make it at all!

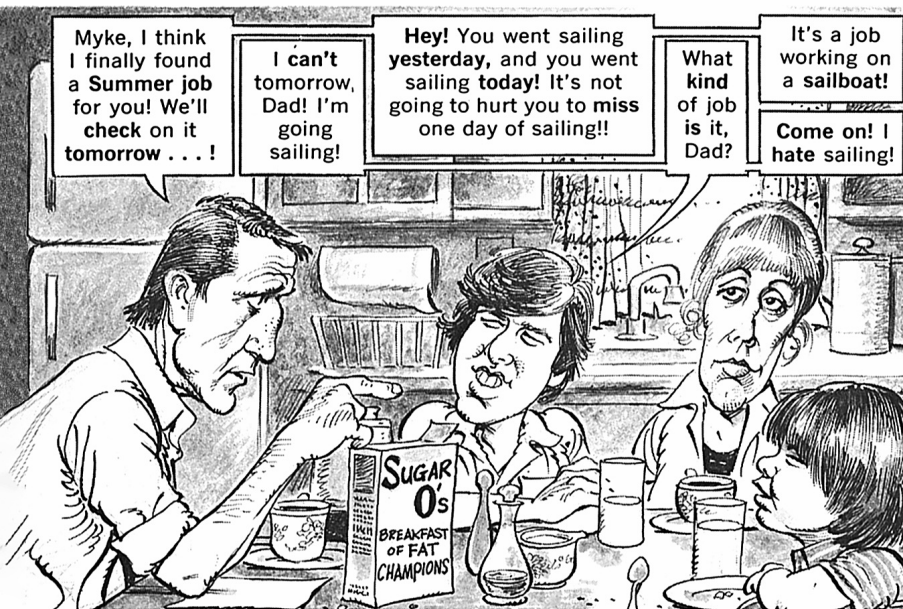
I start out trying to broil shark steaks, and I end up making "Person Flambé"... mainly ME!!



I saw the whole thing! There were these two people... skiing! They were having a marvelous time! Then... suddenly, there was this huge explosion! And all at once, I was having a marvelous time!!

You were having a marvelous time?

Yes! I'm an old lady! I—I never get to see **ANYTHING** on this desolate beach... except for boats and water-skiers off shore! That was a real treat! Such a big explosion! Such pretty flames! Such thick smoke!



Myke, I think I finally found a Summer job for you! We'll check on it tomorrow...!

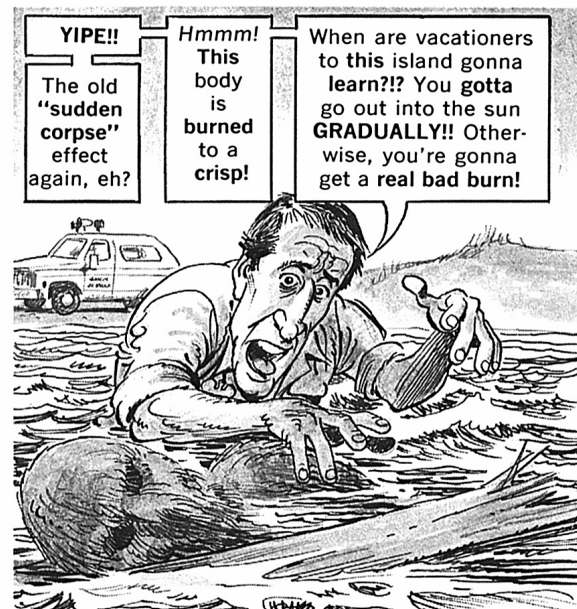
I can't tomorrow, Dad! I'm going sailing!

Hey! You went sailing yesterday, and you went sailing today! It's not going to hurt you to miss one day of sailing!!

What kind of job is it, Dad?

It's a job working on a sailboat!

Come on! I hate sailing!

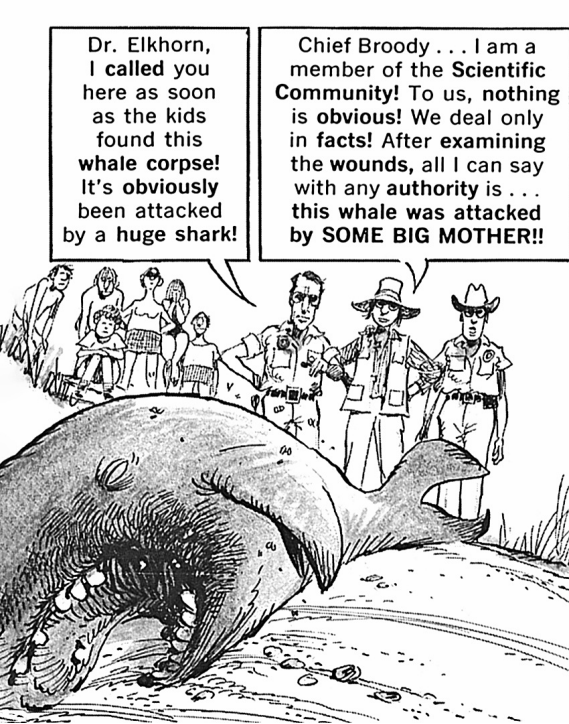


YIPE!!

The old "sudden corpse" effect again, eh?

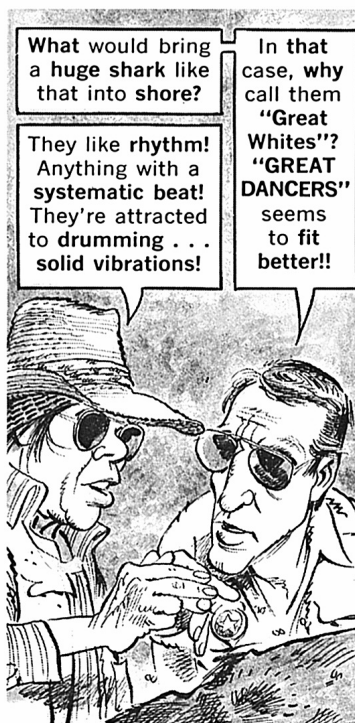
Hmmm! This body is burned to a crisp!

When are vacationers to this island gonna learn?!? You gotta go out into the sun **GRADUALLY!!** Otherwise, you're gonna get a real bad burn!



Dr. Elkhorn, I called you here as soon as the kids found this whale corpse! It's obviously been attacked by a huge shark!

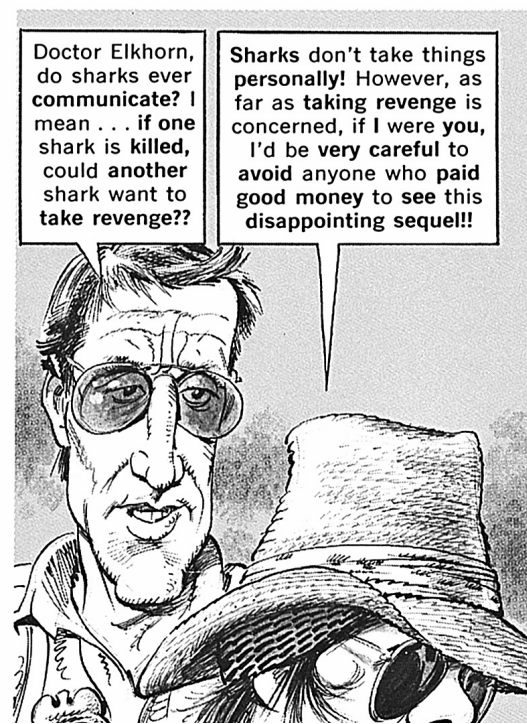
Chief Broody... I am a member of the Scientific Community! To us, nothing is obvious! We deal only in facts! After examining the wounds, all I can say with any authority is... this whale was attacked by **SOME BIG MOTHER!!**



What would bring a huge shark like that into shore?

They like rhythm! Anything with a systematic beat! They're attracted to drumming... solid vibrations!

In that case, why call them "Great Whites"? "GREAT DANCERS" seems to fit better!!



Doctor Elkhorn, do sharks ever communicate? I mean... if one shark is killed, could another shark want to take revenge??

Sharks don't take things personally! However, as far as taking revenge is concerned, if I were you, I'd be very careful to avoid anyone who paid good money to see this disappointing sequel!!





Gentlemen, we may have another shark problem! We've got several people missing, and we found a whale that's been attacked by something really huge!

You're not gonna start that "Great White Shark" scare around here again, Chief Broody!

It's no scare! What about the body with the **SHARK'S TEETH** that I found on the beach?!!

C'mon! Lots of people wear shark's teeth for good luck!

Embedded in their **RIBS?!**



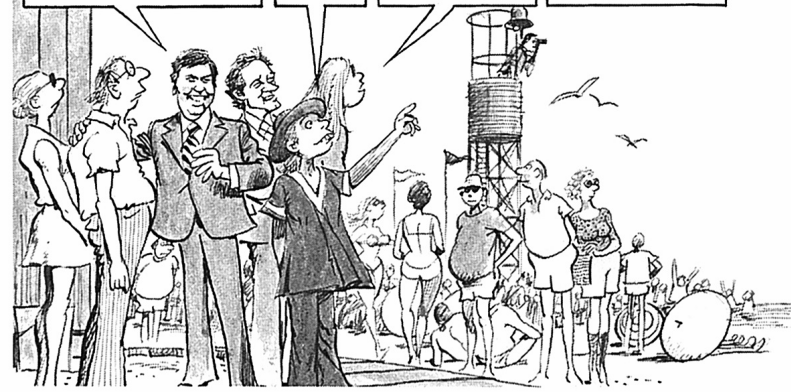
... and this is the **Town Beach**! As you can see, the sand is as white as sugar ... except for the spots where it's red as blood ... but we're covering those over!

What's that man doing up in that tower?

He's-er—he's looking for—er—icebergs!

ICEBERGS?!! Here?! In the middle of the Summer?!!

Remember what happened to the **Titanic**?! Who expected **ICEBERGS?!!** Chief Broody is taking no chances!!



CLEAR THE WATER! GET OUT! DANGER! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

What's everybody running for! Is there something in the water?!!

If there is, it can't be as dangerous as **Chief Broody**!! When he gets excited, he's a lunatic with his gun!

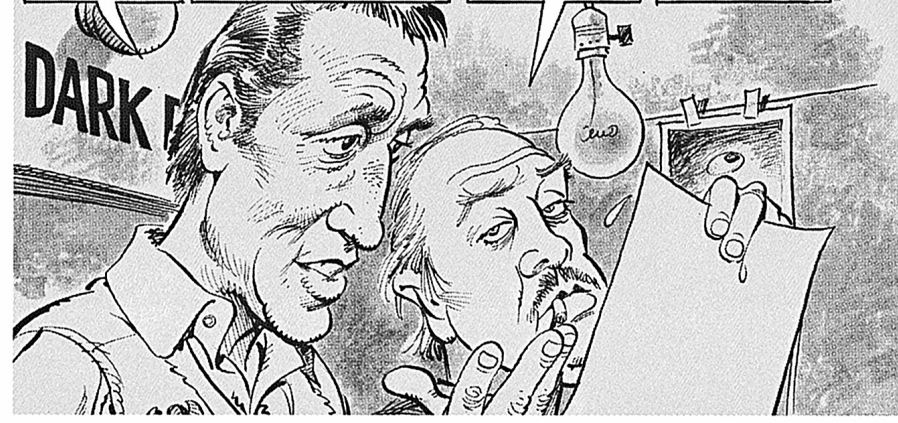


Foggy ... you're a professional photographer and I value your opinion! Tell me ...

This picture you're developing from that underwater camera! It can't be anything but a close-up of a huge shark shot at about three feet, right?

Well ... it could also be a close-up of a **SARDINE** shot at about three **INCHES**!

Listen, you broken-down amateur! When I want your worthless opinion, I'll ask for it!



Can't you make this print a little clearer?

With all the shark talk you've been mouthing, I'm afraid to put my hand in the tray!!



We're glad you're here, Broody! We were just talking about you and your outrageous behavior!

Oh, yeah? Well, this photograph will show you I'm not mistaken! It's a **SHARK**!! Just like the first one! See the eyes, the mouth, the plastic skin, the hydraulic hoses, the "Union Made" label ...



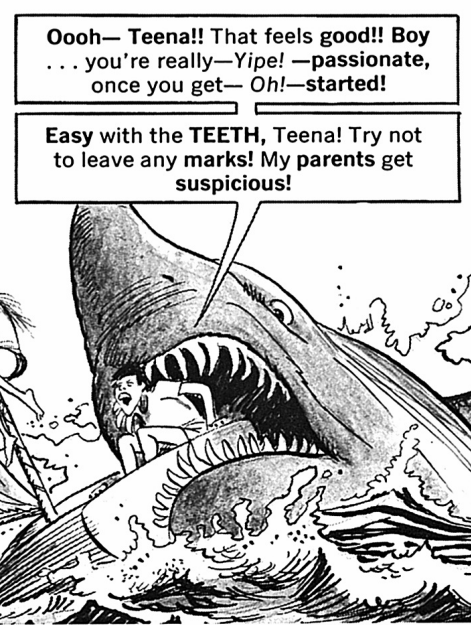
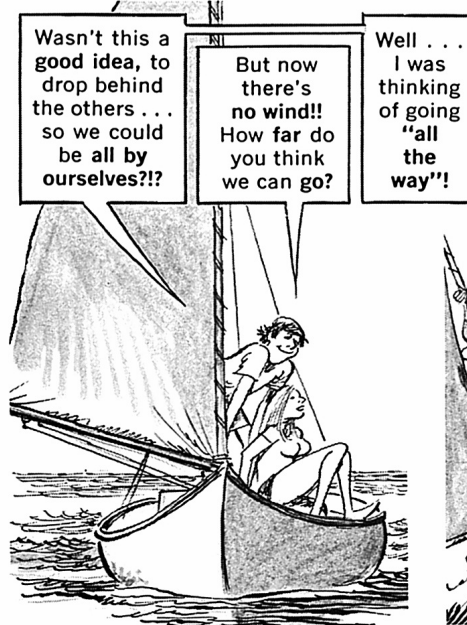
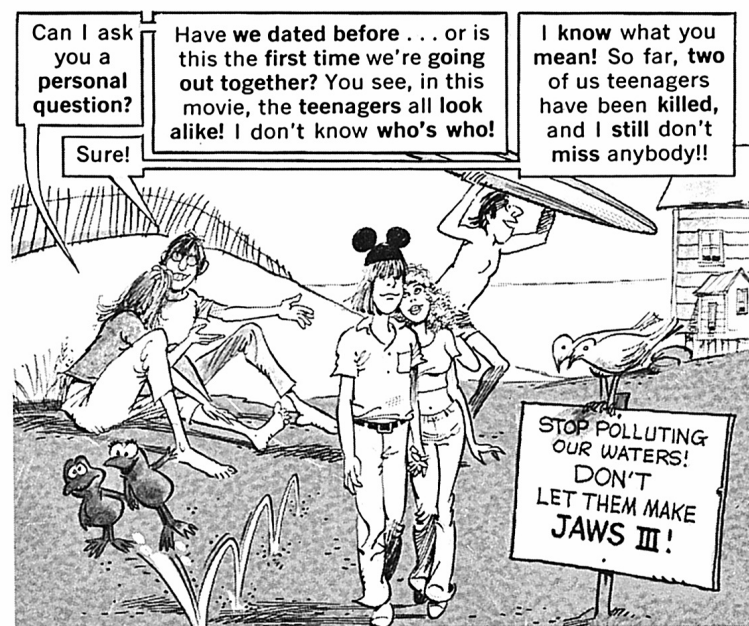
We're going into a private meeting now, Broody!

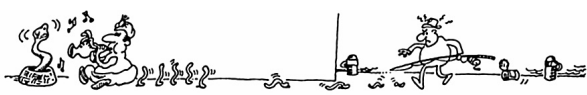
To decide my fate?

No, to decide **OUR** fates! After the public sees this sequel, I'm afraid we're all through!

I tell you, it's a picture of a shark! Go have your meeting! I'll wait here under this elephant's head!







Hey! What happened?

You're not the Police Chief any more, so stop being a nosey cop!

I'm doing this on my own . . . as a nosey private citizen!

This diver was injured when he came up much too fast! Something **BIG** down there scared him!

How fast did he come up . . . ?

Let me put it this way! He was in such a hurry to reach the surface, he forgot his mask, his tank, his regulator, and his right leg!

Amnesty Launch to Harbor Patrol! This is Chief Broody! I want a chopper!

Isn't a chopper a bit too much? Why don't you take some pads and pencils like other people who've been fired?!?

Listen! There are some kids in danger of being eaten by a **GIANT SHARK!!**

That giant shark was killed three years ago! What brought it back to life??

Over a hundred million dollars at the Box Office!! Now . . . hurry!!

Okay, Chief . . . this is the first of the kids' sailboats, and there's a girl in it!

It—it was . . . sob . . . terr—terrible! All that . . . sob . . . grabbing . . . sob . . . and tearing . . . and clawing . . . and . . . sob . . . chewing!

Just wait till I get my hands on that dirty little . . .

Thank God!! I **THOUGHT** those teeth marks looked a little big . . . even for a teenage boy!

SHAR-R-RK!!

Boy . . . this is some day!

Blazing sun! White clouds! Calm Water!

Giant shark! Cold beer! Good . . . **GULP!**

GIANT SHARK?!?

HELP!! HELP!!

Hey!! Don't you dare get my hair wet, you big bully!

I missed **ONE** Power Squadron lesson, and I bet it was the one that told how to deal with this situation!

Boy, the next time my Mother says, "This year, let's go to the mountains for a change!", I'm gonna listen!!

What's everybody screaming about? I'll take this over our normal Summer activities on Amnesty Island any day!!

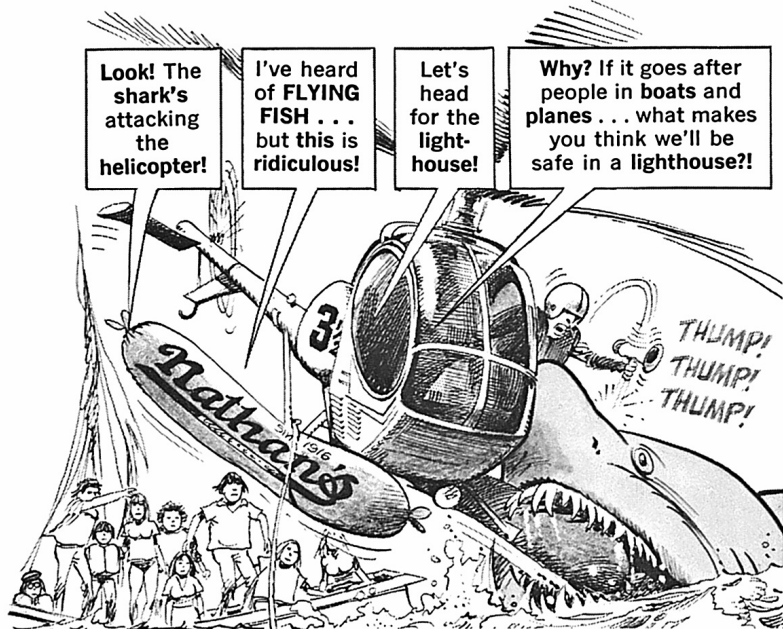
Look! Up there! In the sky! Good Lord!

First . . . a giant shark! Now, a giant mosquito! This is too ridiculous . . . even for a movie!

You idiot! That's a helicopter, and he's here to rescue us!

Sorry to disturb you folks, but is this the way to the Cape Cod Heliport . . . ??

And then again, on the other hand, **WE** might be here to rescue **HIM!!**



Look! The shark's attacking the helicopter!

I've heard of **FLYING FISH** . . . but this is ridiculous!

Let's head for the lighthouse!

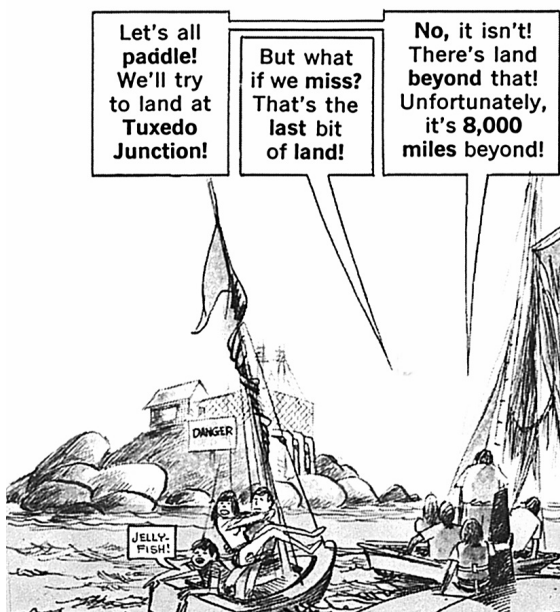
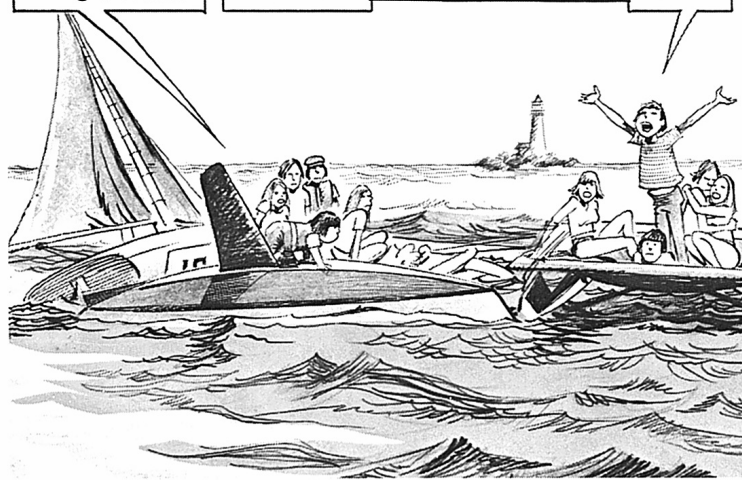
Why? If it goes after people in boats and planes . . . what makes you think we'll be safe in a lighthouse?!

Okay, now let's not all go to pieces! Things will get better!

Oh, yeah! That's what **YOU** think!

Oh, no! Don't tell me you've spotted a second shark!!

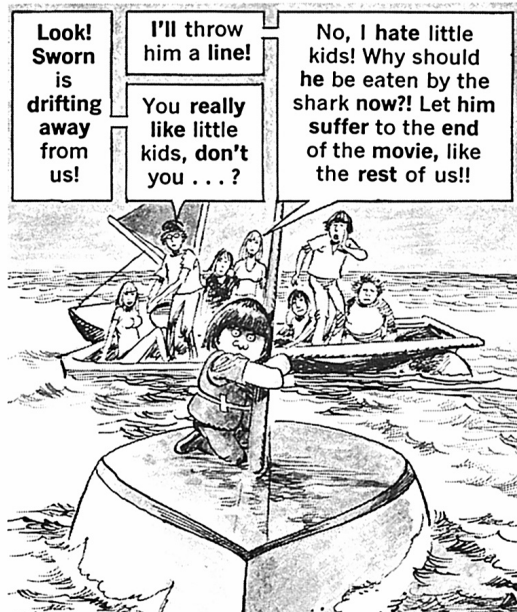
Worse! We lost the **BEER!!**



Let's all paddle! We'll try to land at Tuxedo Junction!

But what if we miss? That's the last bit of land!

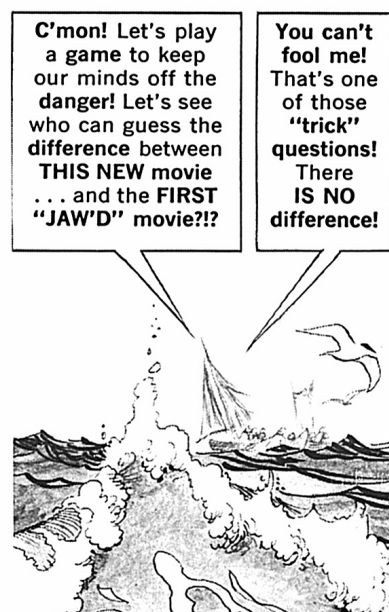
No, it isn't! There's land beyond that! Unfortunately, it's **8,000 miles** beyond!



Look! Sworn is drifting away from us!

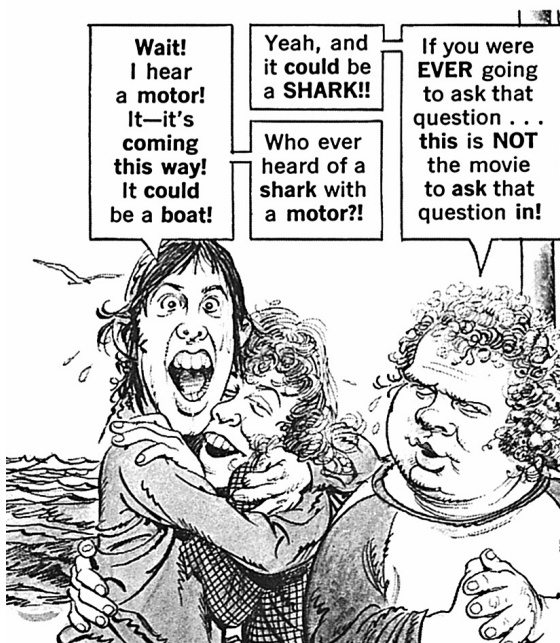
I'll throw him a line! You really like little kids, don't you . . . ?

No, I hate little kids! Why should he be eaten by the shark now?! Let him suffer to the end of the movie, like the rest of us!!



C'mon! Let's play a game to keep our minds off the danger! Let's see who can guess the difference between **THIS NEW** movie . . . and the **FIRST "JAW'D"** movie?!

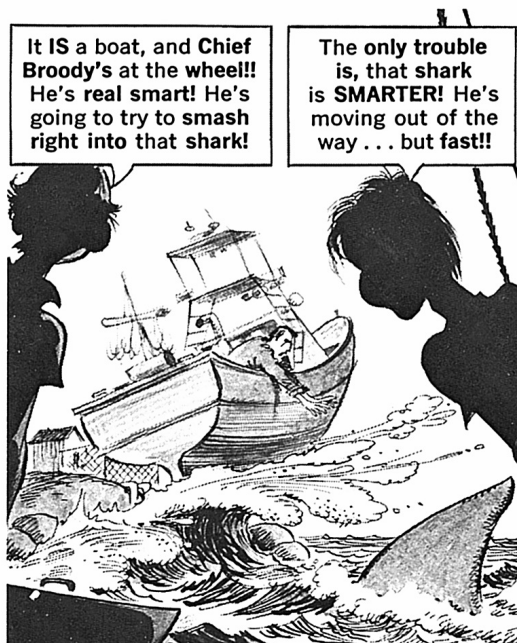
You can't fool me! That's one of those "trick" questions! There **IS NO** difference!



Wait! I hear a motor! It—it's coming this way! It could be a boat!

Yeah, and it could be a **SHARK!!** Who ever heard of a shark with a motor?!

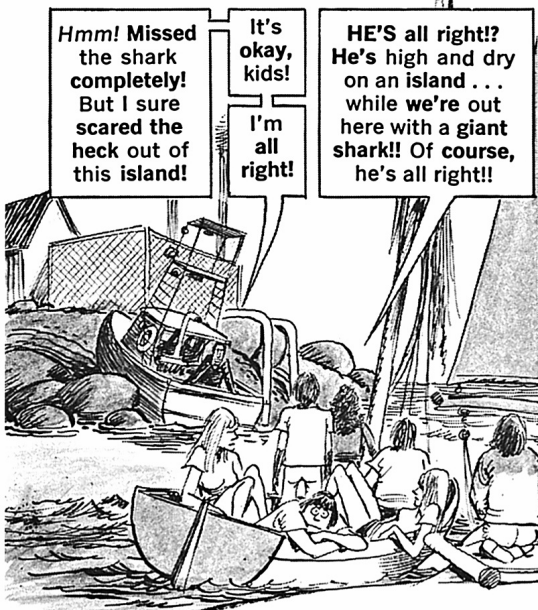
If you were **EVER** going to ask that question . . . this is **NOT** the movie to ask that question in!



It **IS** a boat, and Chief Broody's at the wheel!! He's real smart! He's going to try to smash right into that shark!

The only trouble is, that shark is **SMARTER!** He's moving out of the way . . . but fast!!

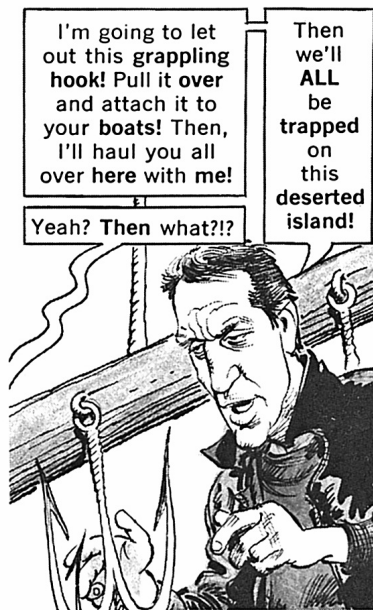




Hmm! Missed the shark completely! But I sure scared the heck out of this island!

It's okay, kids!
I'm all right!

HE'S all right!? He's high and dry on an island . . . while we're out here with a giant shark!! Of course, he's all right!!



I'm going to let out this grappling hook! Pull it over and attach it to your boats! Then, I'll haul you all over here with me!

Yeah? Then what???

Then we'll ALL be trapped on this deserted island!

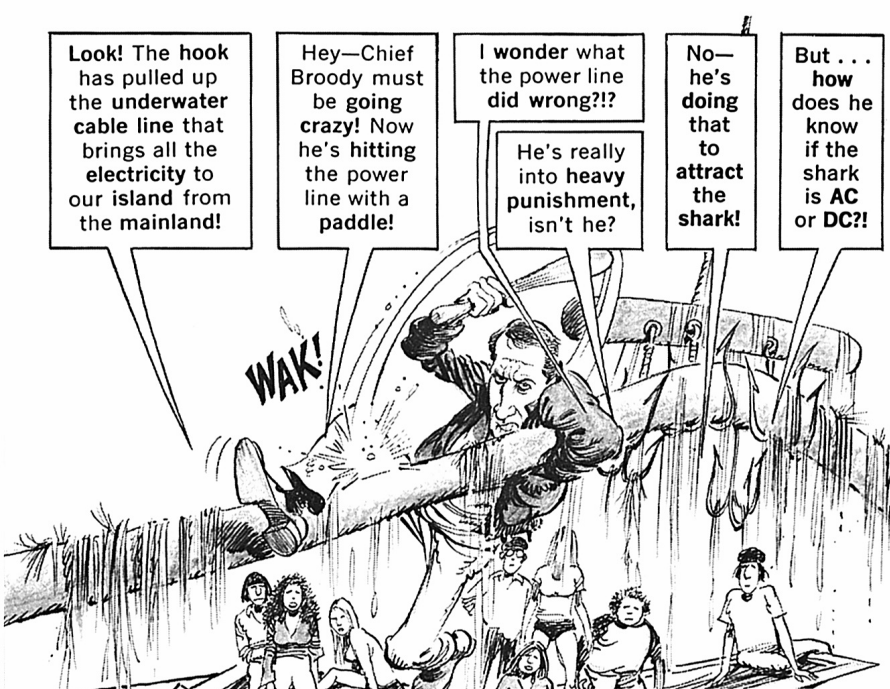


The hook is stuck!
I'm gonna haul it back up!!

That's why he's Chief of the LAND police!

Y'know, so far, THREE of us have been eaten by that horrible shark!

Gee, am I one of the three? I REALLY have lost track of the teenagers in this movie!



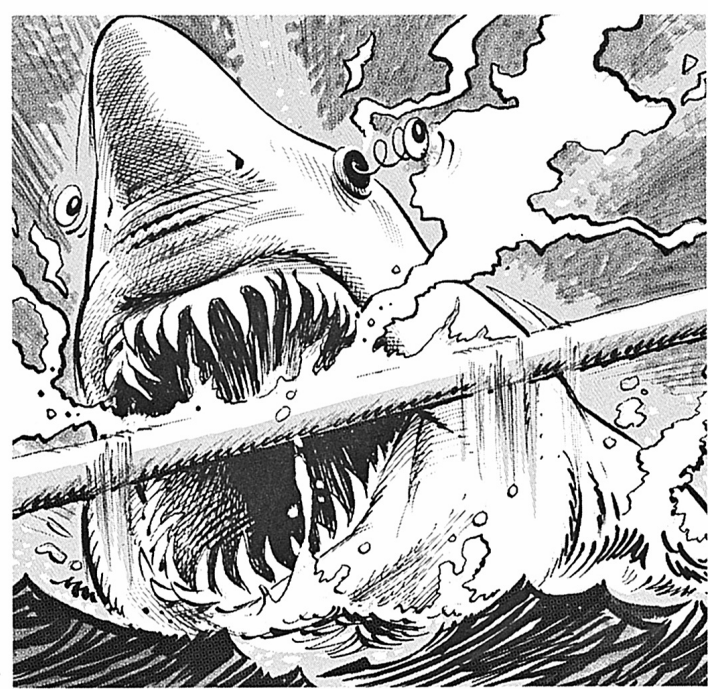
Look! The hook has pulled up the underwater cable line that brings all the electricity to our island from the mainland!

Hey—Chief Broody must be going crazy! Now he's hitting the power line with a paddle!

I wonder what the power line did wrong???

No—he's doing that to attract the shark!

But . . . how does he know if the shark is AC or DC?!

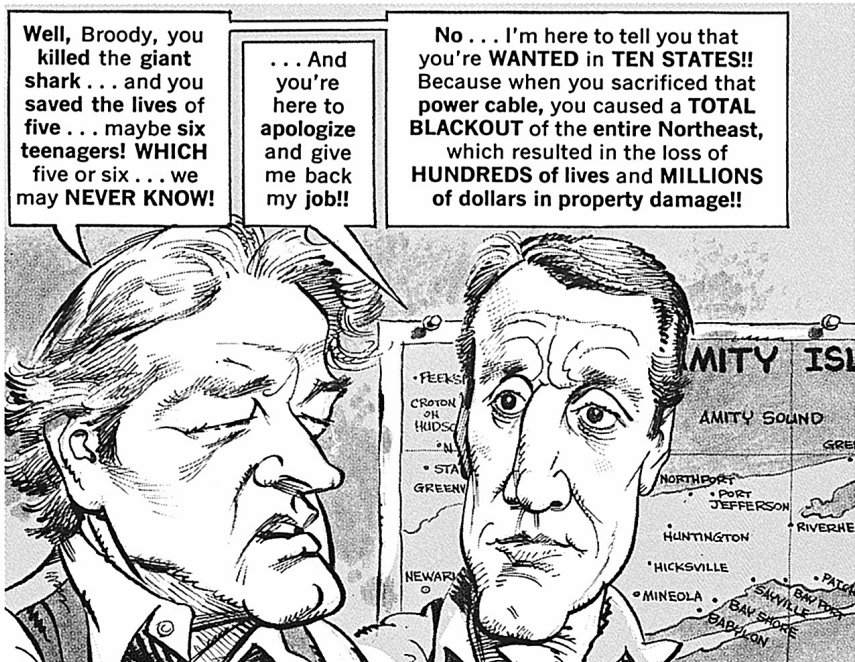


Wow!! What a "shock" ending!

It looks like Chief Broody made it all right!

That's good news for the Broody family, but bad news for US!!

How come . . . ?
I don't think I could survive "JAW'D III"!!



Well, Broody, you killed the giant shark . . . and you saved the lives of five . . . maybe six teenagers! WHICH five or six . . . we may NEVER KNOW!

. . . And you're here to apologize and give me back my job!!

No . . . I'm here to tell you that you're WANTED in TEN STATES!! Because when you sacrificed that power cable, you caused a TOTAL BLACKOUT of the entire Northeast, which resulted in the loss of HUNDREDS of lives and MILLIONS of dollars in property damage!!

**WHAT'S
THE LATEST IN
EXCITING SUMMER
WATER SPORTS?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Seems like every summer season some crazy new water sport is introduced. To find out what the latest is, fold page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**GARBED IN SWIMWEAR, EVEN PEOPLE OF AVERAGE
ABILITY ARE INTO WATER SPORTS, BUT MANY FOOLS
DON'T REALIZE THE RISKS EXPERTS ARE NOW ACKNOWLEDGING!**

A ►

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

◀ B

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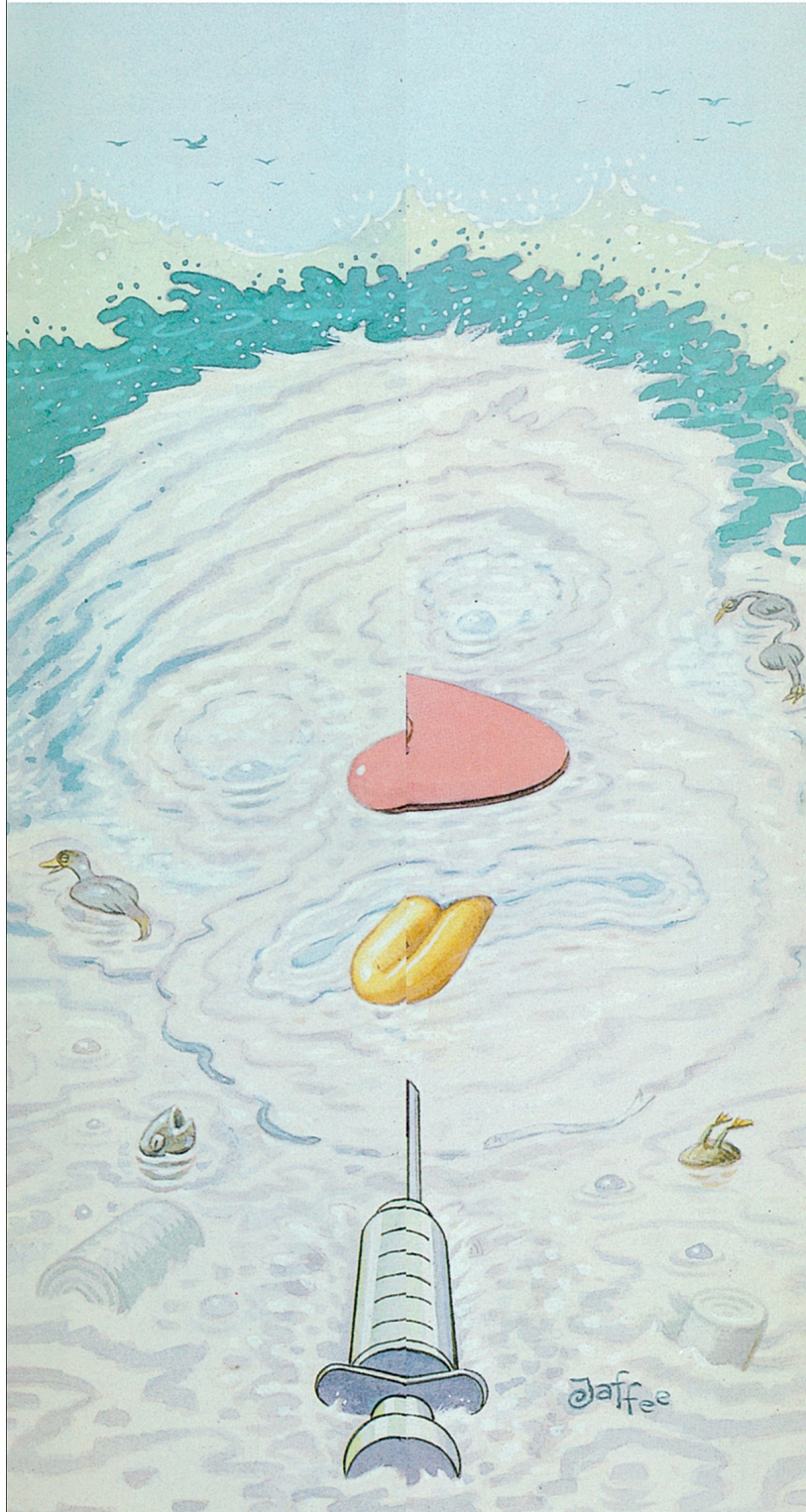
◄ B

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FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ► ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



GARBAGE

DODGING!

A ► ◀ B



SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

